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Vol. 7 No. 8 30p

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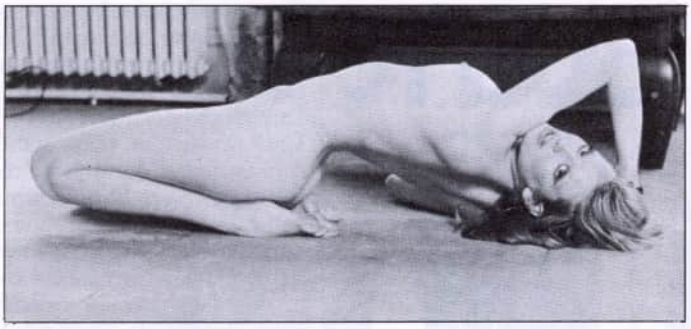
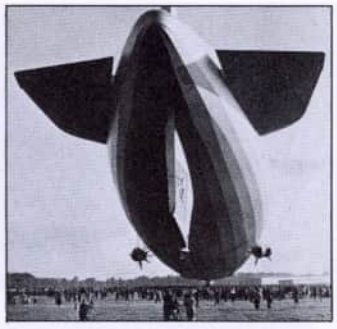


IN PRAISE OF PAULA: P 36

UNEASY RIDERS: P 44



LOW-SPEED GAS: P 30

MAYFAIR

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CONTENTS

			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
Blimps:	Rise and fall of the flying cigars	*Ian Penn*	30
Boneshaking Beauties:	Vintage motorcycles lovingly rejuvenated	*Andrew Morland*	44
Beachcombing:	Catching crumpet toasting by the sea	*Illustrated by Ronald Cobb*	48
GIRLS			
Sammy:	Irish eyes smile on the Isle of Man		19
Paula:	In and out of her camiknickers	*Eugene Finkei*	36
Angelina:	An angel with French connections		62
Carrie:	Our boating beauty in deep water		80
HUMOUR			
Gentlemen, that reminds me:	Our round-up of round-the-table tales		7
Out of Time:	Travels in the fourth dimension	*Roy Raymonde*	59
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Cars showing national character	*William Boddy*	54
Quest:	Second part of our compulsive seduction survey		67
FICTION			
Last Assignation:	The hired killer's final contract	*Alan Merchant*	24
Roll on:	Maid Marion made	*Denis Kilcommons*	28

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 6 **Film Society**/page 52 **Members Club**/page 15 **Back Numbers**/page 73 **Subscription Details**/page 74

CRITICS

Books: *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *David Quinlan* **Discs:** *Peter Hopkin* **Drinks:** *Charles Fforde* 11

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Production Editor **Tim Grindlay**/Photography **Clive McLean** and **Ed Alexander**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Films **David Quinlan**/Clubs **Kenneth Dowd**/Records **Peter Hopkin**/Motoring **William Boddy**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings**/published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/
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DO SEXY MEN GO BALD?

The answer is that there is no clinical evidence of a link between sex and baldness. What *is* known is that men with a good head of hair are far more attractive to women. So you would say that men with their own hair are more successful with sex!

80% of hair loss occurs between the ages of 20 and 35.

The cause of most hair loss is a glandular disorder which often manifests itself at puberty. After three or four hair life cycles the cell forming papilla in each hair follicle becomes choked and damaged; the tiny muscles which should hold the hair erect from the scalp, weaken; pressure on the nerve-bed tends to cause the muscle to eject the hair prematurely. This condition can also restrict the blood supply to the follicle. As a result new hair is not produced and as each old hair falls out, whether prematurely or in the normal course, there is nothing to replace it. That is how most baldness occurs. But it need not happen if the scalp is properly cared for.

There is no need to accept baldness as inevitable.

Do not be put off by anyone who says you can do nothing about hair loss. Hair *will* go on growing provided the scalp is kept healthy. The Roney-Booth method of treatment has been proved successful for over 40 years and is now available for home application. Hair cannot be restored to bald areas so it is important not to delay.
The disorders which cause hair loss can now be treated inexpensively by you at home. To find out more about the treatment and the cost, send the coupon below for free literature.

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Please send me without obligation my free copy of your book
BALDNESS – ITS CAUSES AND PREVENTION

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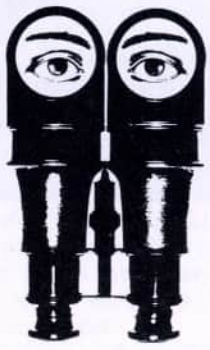

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Ever since the book 'In Praise of Older Women' became a best seller, girls in their middle twenties and onwards have had a better deal out of life. Today it can be freely admitted that for some men maturity has its own attractions; that a girl who exudes confidence, experience and a sort of unhurried lazy interest in men has a sex appeal particularly potent.
Such a girl is Paula Darrington who more than adequately fills our centre pages this month. She is our paean in praise of older women.
Another newcomer to our pages this month is Carrie, our fantasy strip girl. We have often thought that there ought to be a strip sequence on a girl who carries on where demure characters like Carol Day decline. Carrie is the brainchild of artist Don Lawrence. Enjoy her first sexy misadventure on page 80 this month.

Our new girl in pole position

Ever hankered for a car that is sporty and stylish but doesn't set you back even one twentieth of the price of a Lamborghini or Maserati?
Until now, the only sporty cars to be had for around the £500 mark were Lotus Sevens and various types of home-brewed beasts. But now a new sports car has been announced by the Manchester-based company Beaujangle Sales which will give you hairy motoring for less than £500.
Based on the ubiquitous VW beetle, the Can-Am, as it is called, utilises the chassis and various other VW parts. As buggy builders – including Beaujangle – have discovered in the past, VWs are great to use as the starting point for building all kinds of weird and wonderful cars for use on either road or racetrack.
If money is tight, a total outlay of about £300 will get you on the road in a basic Can-Am. Once on the road, these lightweight fliers can reach speeds over 90 mph, and 50 comes up in less than 12 seconds.
Normally parts to be added to the basic VW chassis are supplied to the buyer by Beaujangle who then builds the car himself. This saves labour costs and purchase tax charges.
And if you are not such an avid enthusiast as to want to build the Can-Am for yourself, you can have this done for you by the suppliers of the kit.
The shape of the Can-Am, as its name implies, is based on the well known American racing car formula. A very low-slung profile, a droop front and high tailbody angle give that crouching, ready-to-pounce look characteristic of GT cars. But the main attraction of this car is the scope the buyer has to modify the original design as he wishes. Any VW engine can be used, and a Porsche engine will make it go like a rocket. The instrumentation, equipment and trim can be chosen to meet your own requirements, and leave a great deal of room for individual taste and inventiveness. And all this for under £500.

We hear that Miss South Carolina has been chosen by the United States Department of Agriculture to publicise American watermelons. Her official title? National Watermelon Queen, USA.

How to Pick Up More Girls

Inside every man, young or older, there's a girl-catcher screaming to get out. But where do you begin? How many times have you let her escape—into a train . . . out of a pub . . . around the corner?

Unfreeze yourself—salvation is here. How to Pick up More Girls provides you with tested, sure-fire techniques in every conceivable situation:

***How to make shyness work for you**

***How to be sexy**

***Best places to meet girls**

***Great opening lines**

***Why women are dying to meet you**

***World's greatest pickup technique**

***How to get women to approach you**

These are only samples from scores and scores of pages of practical How: A total situation guide to seduction—with a bonus-plus of interviews with beautiful girls who tell you in their own words just what it takes to pick them up.

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I am a French girl of 22 and may I suggest a subject for a future Quest: girls who shave. In France more and more girls have started shaving their pubis because when one wears mini-skirts and see through panties, one is never quite sure what one is showing.

I started to shave last year while I was working as a nurse, and personally I think it is far more attractive, particularly if one has a bulging mons as I fortunately have. As a brunette I have dark and very bushy hair, and at first I had to shave twice a week, and even then there was always some sign of hair. However, three months ago I went to a beautician and asked for depilation by hot wax. This was quite painful, especially on the crotch, but it looks much better and I only have to have it done once every three weeks.

E.M., Ruven, France. (Full name and address withheld)

The request by reader F.B., Epsom (Mayfair Vol. 7 No. 5) for poses of a girl removing camiknickers is an excellent one. Most men will agree that the sight of a pretty girl in feminine lingerie (not tights) is often more appealing than a nude. If it appears accidental, like a girl on an escalator, so much the better. It is very surprising that there are not more poses with nylons and suspenders only and lingerie. Camiknickers are probably not worn nowadays but one occasionally meets a girl with similar elegant tastes. For example, about three years ago a new neighbour's charming young daughter was helping me pick strawberries one Sunday morning.

Lesley, her slim figure quite lovely in a long summer dress, and with a floppy hat accentuating her rich auburn hair, looked really feminine. Squatting down to pick berries on the opposite side of the strawberry bed from me, her dress demurely covered her knees. However, she was blissfully unaware that beneath the dress, quite visible, were her lovely nylon-clad legs with pink suspenders crossing the soft white swell of her thighs, and disappearing beneath the wide lace-trimmed legs of her very elegant, pale blue nylon, French knickers. Even the rosebuds embroidered on the delightfully wide legs of Lesley's knickers were plainly to be seen but my eyes were unashamedly riveted on an even sweeter little rosebud inadequately protected by the loose flimsy gusset. Lesley chatted animatedly and with one change of position her thighs parted and a tendril of auburn hair peeped out. Another change and for a wonderful few seconds the loose centre strap of Lesley's knickers slipped to one side to unveil a lovely triangle of silky auburn curls on her swelling mound. The flimsy defences were thereafter under constant siege but it took six months before they were delightfully invaded and a similar softening up period before they finally fell, despite the murmurs of protest and fluttering hands. A battering ram, a girlish squeal, and the ultimate barrier was well and truly burst.

D.J., Birmingham (Full name and address withheld)

As regular readers of Mayfair, my husband and I always read letters first, and I agree with Constance Gordon, Colorado, USA, in Vol. 7 No. 5 when she says that white pants for men are much more sexy than the coloured pants.

My husband and myself practice bondage, and I love to see him all tied up and helpless with a big bulge in his white pants. I punish him quite often because when we go to our local park he can't take his eyes off the young girls' panties when they bend down to push their children on the swings. He is thrilled to find I keep

turn to page 8

LETTERS

continued from page 6

watching when he's doing this because he knows he is going to be severely punished when we get home and this gives him an extra thrill.

J. Baird, Elizabeth House, Albany Road, Brentwood, Essex

Confound J.D., Middlesbrough! (Mayfair Vol. 7 No. 6). And confound you too!

Of course the club I liked was the Phoenix – and one of the girls was Rachel, whom we used to know at the old Sunset in St. Anne's Court as Sophia Grainger – but why do you think I didn't tell you? It's hard enough to get a seat at the Phoenix at any time, and with the whole of your readership aiming for it – well, we shall just have to sit at home and read Mayfair, I suppose!

J.S. (full name and address withheld)

I read P.B.'s letter, Vol. 6 No. 9, and share his feelings about his wife and other men. We recently had a divorced male friend to stay for supper, and as we'd all had rather too much wine, we suggested that he might like to spend the night in our spare room. My wife said she thought it would be very exciting if he came to sleep in our bed, but nothing came of this.

When we went to bed she looked fabulous and I said, 'I bet you ten bob that you won't go and give John a goodnight kiss.' She put up a token protest, but a few moments later I heard the click of his door followed by whispered voices. The excitement of lying in bed and imagining her breasts and little soft body pressed against his thrilled me.

I left them alone for three-quarters of an hour before I pretended to wake up, and the ecstacy of holding her quivering body when she returned was unbelievable.

R.G.S., Luton (name and address withheld)

May I say that I am overjoyed to find a book store that carries your publication. I thought for a while that Victoria was totally without such a far-sighted shop. However, I am not writing just to praise your marvellous publication.

As a writer, I am always on the lookout for an interesting sight, or event (birdwise) with which to build a story. I must admit that really interesting copy in regard to Canadian girls is somewhat slim, but this is not always the case.

A couple of years ago I worked in a dance studio with a friend. Every evening we would finish the day's dancing with more of the same, but in the relaxed atmosphere of a local nightclub. It was during one of these late night bashes that my friend met a certain girl, and after meeting her in the same club a few more times he was invited up to her apartment.

The story goes that once safely alone, they continued to imbibe, between clinches, until the girl asked my friend if he would like her to model her new dress for him. My friend, being almost a gentleman, reluctantly agreed, and sat on the living room couch sulkily nursing his drink. At long last she called out 'Ready'? and entered the room on his reply. His surprise could only be overshadowed by his delight as the dress turned out to be a transparent, blue plastic dry cleaning bag with holes for the head and arms. I doubt if one need dwell on what followed, and I honestly couldn't as my friend never described the outcome. But he did develop a fondness for a particular dry cleaners.

D. Fredericks, 1764 Emerson, Victoria, B.C., Canada

I have been reading your magazine for three years and, being unable to fault it on its contents of beautiful girls, great stories, marvellous jokes and articles, I hope to continue reading it for many more.

But I must comment on the disturbing trend in advertising. In the May issue, a total of TWELVE pages were used for the purpose of ads – think of the dollies you could get on those pages.

If it is a matter of financial need, may I propose an increase in the cost of Mayfair, because if it meant twelve more pages of great reading, I certainly would not begrudge the increase.

S. Knight, Earlswood Gardens, Gants Hill, Ilford, Essex.

Rest assured that this is a problem that is under our constant surveillance. In fact the extra pages of advertising do not push out any girls, and we have recently added more pages, on which colour can be used, at our own expense. We are also very proud of the fact that the price of Mayfair has remained the same for four years, and are reluctant to abandon this position.

I have always been amazed at the way you have found girls from ordinary backgrounds to pose for Mayfair, and I have a suggestion to make as to where you might find two girls to continue this proud line, although I would not call their backgrounds ordinary.

They are strippers in the best small strip place in London – the Dolls House, on Carlisle Street.

It isn't a club anyone can go in on payment of a pound, and neither does it compare for luxury and comfort with the Revue Bar or the Casino de Paris, but a great effort is made to equal them in the standard of entertainment, presentation and girls, considering the cramped surroundings.

But back to the two girls. Unfortunately neither girl was introduced to me but I think I have enough information to pin-point them if you think it is worth it.

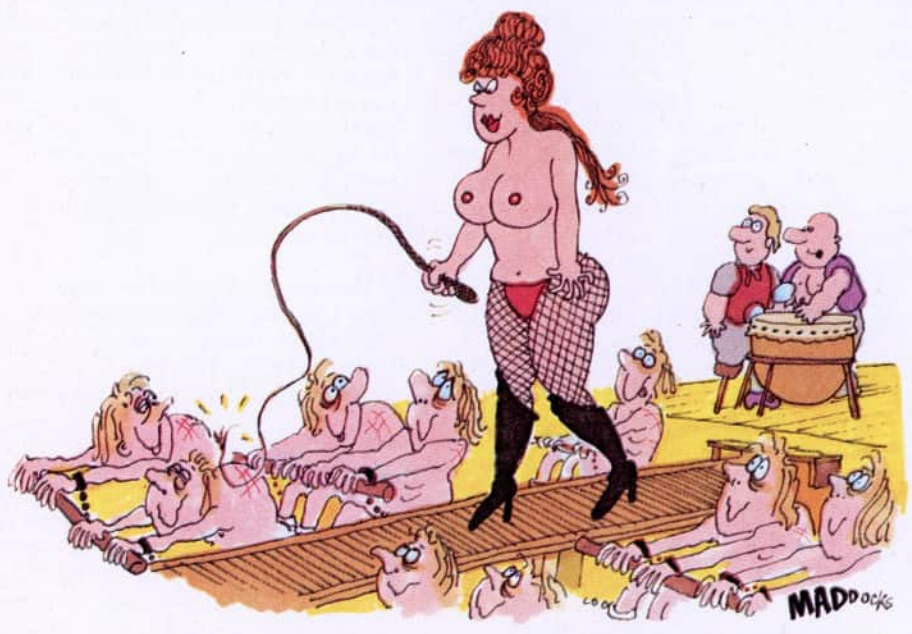
The first girl is blonde and appears in the show's production number. She did a spot on her own, dancing to Eartha Kitt singing 'I want to be bad'. She bears a striking resemblance to Carol Hawkins who plays Sharon in the Fenn Street Gang. The second girl danced to 'Have the next dream on me'. She was also blonde and must have had the largest, firmest pair of breasts on the strip circuit.

I hope other readers will endorse my opinion of this small theatre and the girls.

Albert Charlton, North Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

I have failed to notice any references in your columns to the subject to exhibitionism. This particular form of sexual deviation can be defined as the

turn to page 10



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And it can do the same for YOU. Fast enough for you to start making plans for next week! So get that coupon sent off now . . . or if you're really in a hurry, ring us at 01-937 0102.

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The world's most exotic brassieres and sheer sensuous lingerie for those intimate hours. Send for new, exciting 24-page colour catalogue enclosing 15p, refunded on first order.

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Libido is the perfect present: try *giving* to amorous husbands and loving wives, friends and lovers, men and women everywhere.

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Dept. M2, Catalyst Products (Leisure) Ltd,
3 Northwood Road, London, N6 5TL.

LETTERS

continued from page 8

gaining of pleasure from physical displays of either one's own sexual organs or the performance of sexual acts in front of others.

I believe it is probably true that most people are exhibitionists to varying degrees, although there exists a hard core of those who genuinely need to find an acceptable outlet for such desires.

I myself am an exhibitionist in that I enjoy being naked in front of others, preferably when they themselves are fully dressed. I am fortunate enough to have a wife who is aware of my needs and, as a result, we have been able to find a means of fulfilling them. Some time ago we arranged that when my wife's sister and her husband came round for the evening, I would have a bath and then come downstairs with just a towel round me, on the pretext that I hadn't got a clean change of underclothes. It was then arranged that my wife would whip the towel away in fun, leaving me showing my all. The plan went without a hitch and I was well and truly without a stitch. At first there was a little embarrassment at this sudden spectacle, but this soon disappeared when they realised that I didn't mind at all.

Since then we have arranged for the same thing to happen on a number of occasions, but fortunately our two visitors are now aware of the reasons for it happening and are quite understanding about it.

B.W., Wolverhampton, Staffs

Why can't readers have pictures of nice plump girls – about 12 stone – instead of those skinny ones you show. They all look half-starved, and so mournful, with never a smile.

Georgie

Any visitor to Mayfair will be acquainted with the climb up to the fourth floor, and we have difficulty getting those 12 stone beauties up the stairs, which may be the reason why the girls don't make it to the top.

It is noticable in most of your photographs that you have cut the girl's legs off, somewhere around the thighs, and as I am a leg man and like to see a nice pair of legs, as I'm sure most of your readers do, could we see a lot more of the girls legs please?

John Ford, Staines, Middlesex

You have our sympathies Mr Ford, what with the passing of the mini-skirt and the short stay of hot pants. However, we try to concentrate on the more popular parts of our girls' anatomy, but we'll do our best.

Your photographs of a young lady having her bottom spanked were so realistic that they reminded me of the time I spanked my young secretary. She had come in late and after a severe telling off I told her that she needed a good spanking.

To my surprise and delight, she readily agreed. Without further ado she got onto the office table and lay flat on her stomach. I lifted her skirt, pulled her panties down to her ankles and brought my hand down hard across her buttocks until they were quite red.

J.H.W., Croydon, Surrey (full name and address withheld)

I wonder how many of your female readers indulge in the practice that I do.

Since I became an owner of a polaroid camera (a colour one) I took some photographs of my husband in the nude, and you would be surprised at the number of women who ask to see them. I've also done close-ups of my husband's penis, with an erection, and the number of women who ask to borrow these photos, for what I don't know, is nobody's business.

Mrs A. Lucas, Merthyr Road, Cardiff

With regard to your story of the loss of HMS *Thetis* (Vol. 7 No. 6) may I point out an inaccuracy on page 32.

Hambrook reported the rear tube locking lever was stiff and Woods ordered Hambrook to 'use some muscle,' to paraphrase the official report, then Hambrook operated the rear cap lever, which releases the rear cap by rotating the locking pins on the rear end of the tube.

Also the hatch between the tube space and the torpedo stowage space opens forward, not aft, and the cause of the door being impossible to close was that a clip was jammed

turn to page 82

LETTERS

continued from page 10

forward between the door-surround and the door. The pressure of the water prevented the clip from being freed and the door could not be shut. Also the angle of descent made things even more difficult.

I suggest the author should read 'The Admiralty Regrets: an account of the loss of HM submarine *Thetis*'. This will also explain about the positions of the bow-cap operating levers in this particular submarine, which was altered on the rest of the S and T class of submarines. Furthermore, due to this accident the '*Thetis* Clip' was invented to prevent a similar accident ever occurring again. For your information, Walter Leslie Hambrook was my uncle.

W.L. Hambrook, Seymour Park, Tiverton, Newton Abbot, Devon

I've just scanned through this month's issue of Mayfair with the usual pleasure.

The collection of letters about gym-slips and schoolgirls was a winner from the start. Why not go further and put some of these girls, who are very mature for their age and can be seen on any high street, in one of your forthcoming issues.

R. Chelton, Maine Road, Biggin Hill, Kent

Sorry, but Oz tried that one and look what happened to them. You wouldn't want to see us all in jail, would you?

Having just perused your latest issue, I thought I would put pen to paper to advise you and fellow readers of the surprising happenings in dreary suburban Teddington. Yes, would you believe, topless dancers at the Clarence Hotel on Monday and Wednesday evenings, no less.

Well, some of them are good and some not so good, with Susie being the best of the regulars in my estimation. Recently we were treated to one blonde Gloria, who justified her name and then some! Figure-wise she bore quite a resemblance to Penny Aston (Vol. 5 No. 8) and that can't be at all bad, can it?

If you wish to capture said female for your pages (and what a good idea that would be!) I can only suggest that you contact the DJ, and the best of British to you.

P. R. Thompson, Grove Gardens Teddington, Middlesex

Dictated to by the whims of fashion, the Pussy Cat women of the world continue to dress to kill – men that is. In their aim they are usually thoroughly successful, but periodically a social phenomenon does occur (rather like a war every 25 years) which rocks the boat something awful.

The obvious such occurrence in the last decade (from which some ailing libidos will never recover) was the death of the seamed stocking and its replacement by tights.

Thank God that this line of defence has been seen for the impasse it has created and we are now moving into an era of peaceful coexistence, with the occasional reappearance of the seam. In fact the latest sophisticated development in tights technology has been the disappearance of the crotch piece itself, which is being replaced by a lace-edged, open causeway.

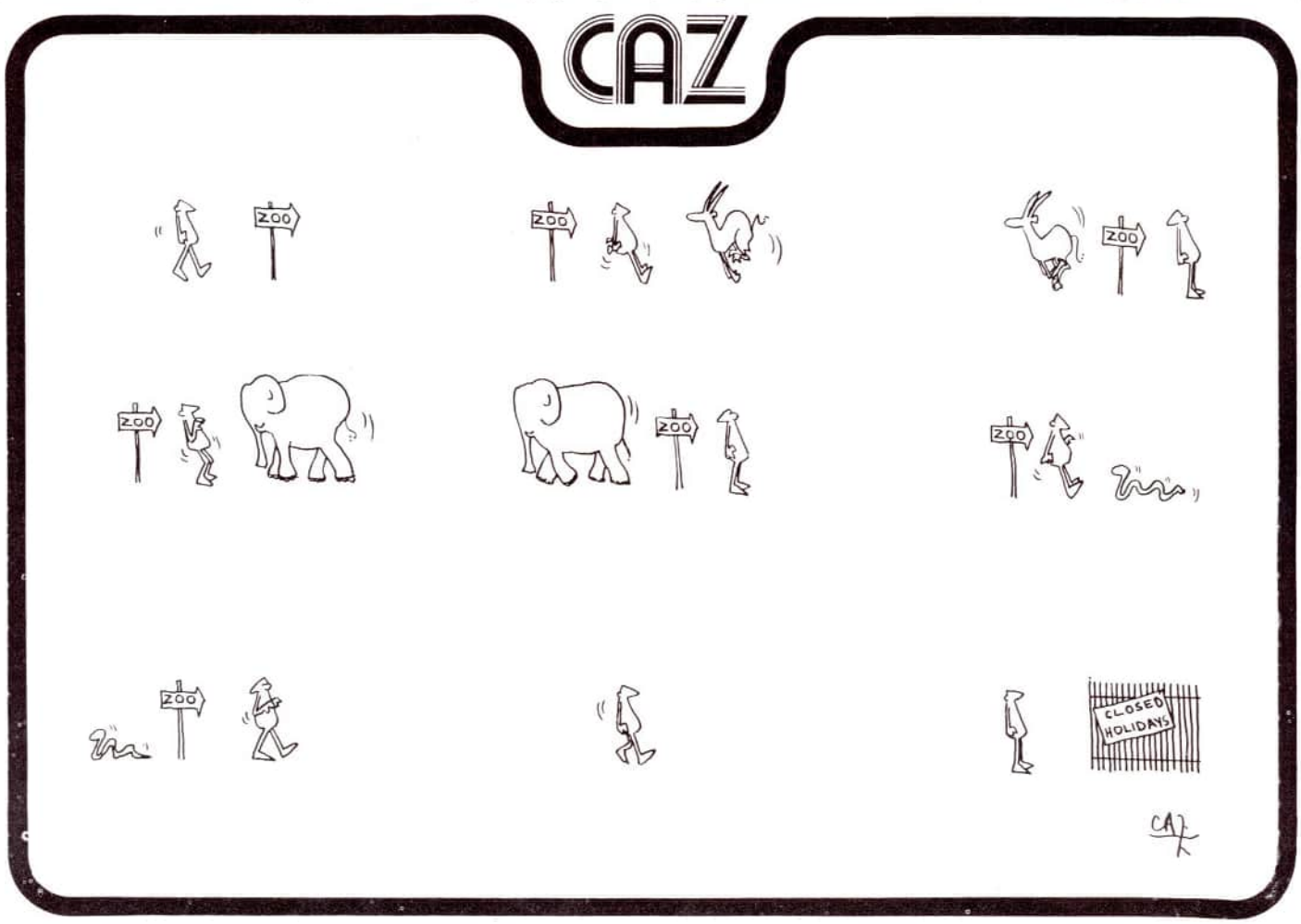
My personal beef is shoes. Stainless steel thigh boots, or even plain old lovely suede and leather I dig the most, man. Like with boots I turn on too much. But shoes, Nea! They jest. Today's jobs were spawned by Neapolitan happy girls clomping their wares alongside the columns of Allied troops as they poured inland from Sicily.

On quivering knee I beseech thee, oh fairest maiden of them all – wherever thou art – rummage in the back of your locker, love, and please give your old stilettos an airing. Just wear them down the high street for a giggle, and then watch the steam rise again from the gutters and door ways and manhole covers, and stand back with a demure little 'Did I do that?' as the traffic collides.

Your current clompers are a carnival joke. Won't you call it a day? Do my kink a favour and once more don those wondrous high heels.

Mike George, BFPO 17.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner stories

A Scotsman on a visit to London was approached by a very attractive young lady who asked him if he would like to accompany her back to her flat.
'Not likely,' said Jock, 'I don't believe in paying for my fun.'
'Oh no!' said the young lady, 'I meant for free.'
So Jock went along, but made one stipulation. She had to hold on to his ears throughout all the fun and games. When they'd finished she said: 'Mmmm, that was lovely. Can you do it again?'
'Aye, a can that lassie,' said Jock, 'but al need tae have a wee rest first.' After several sessions, during which he continued to insist that she hang on to his ears, she said again how much she had enjoyed it, but asked Jock why he insisted that she hang on to his ears.
'Well lassie, I have 80 poonds in mah back pocket,' Jock replied

A man entered a pet store and asked the shop keeper if he had any talking parrots for sale.
'Oh yes,' he replied, 'I've got a beauty here, but I'm afraid he doesn't have any legs.'
'Well how on earth does he stand up?' asked the customer.
'Ah, this parrot has rather a long penis and he wraps it round the perch.' came the answer.
'Can it talk well?' asked the customer.
'This parrot Sir, was brought up by a college graduate who studied English literature and language. He talks as well as his previous owner and can hold good conversations with anyone fluent in English,' said the storekeeper.
Being satisfied after a demonstration of the parrot's abilities, the man bought the bird and took it home.
About a week later the man came home from work and was greeted by the parrot with: 'Here, your brother came round today.'
'Oh yes, and what did he want?' asked the man.
'I dunno' said the parrot, 'but when your wife saw him, she started taking her dress off.'
'Well, what happened then?' said the man.
'She took her bra off, and then her pants,' continued the parrot.
'Go on,' said the man, 'what happened next?'
'I dunno,' came the answer, 'I got a hard on and fell off me perch.'

Every week a Greek shipping agent called at the local Chinese restaurant for dinner.
He always called the same waiter and said: 'Eh chinky, what day is it?' and always got the same reply: 'Today is Fliday.'
'Fliday, Fliday,' roared the Greek, 'why don't you say Friday like everyone else.'
Finally the waiter took a crash course in English, and some weeks later the Greek called over the same waiter and said: 'Eh chinky, what day is it?'
With a supreme effort the waiter said: 'Today is Friday, you big gleek plick.'

A man was motoring in a remote part of Cornwall when his car suddenly stopped at the top of a hill. Unable to start it again, he got out and began pottering about under the bonnet. After several minutes he still couldn't find what was wrong, but then a voice said: 'Why don't you check the fuses?'
Startled, the man looked about him but could only see a large black horse, looking at him from over a wall.
Thinking he had imagined the voice, he continued to poke around under the bonnet, with no success.
Finally he decided to check the fuses, and sure enough, one had blown. He soon had this repaired and he drove off, calling for a drink in a pub about a mile further on.
He ordered a drink and explained all about the strange voices to the landlord. After thinking for a minute, the landlord said: 'Was there a large black horse watching you from over a wall?'
'Yes there was!' said the man.
'Oh well, in that case you were very lucky,' said the landlord. 'There's usually a white one there that knows nothing about cars.'

Two zoo keepers met and were having a chat near their respective tortoise and elephant pens.
'Here,' says one, 'your elephants keep buggering my tortoises.'
'Garn, get away' says the other, 'tis impossible.'
With that, an elephant walked out of the elephant house, went up to a tortoise close by and put his foot on it.
Crunch – the tortoise was flattened.
'There you are' says the first keeper, 'that's another one buggered.'

A man was about to enter a Liverpool pub when he was accosted by a nun.
'Don't go in there,' she says, 'don't indulge in the sins of drink.'
'The sins of drink,' he exclaims. 'Tell me what you know about the sins of drink. Have you ever had a drink?'
'Er, well, no I've not,' answered the nun.
'Well then,' said the gentleman, 'don't you think you ought to try a drop and then you'll know what you're talking about?'
'I suppose I could,' said the nun. 'After all, it'll be in the name of the Lord. But tell me, what does a lady drink?'
'Er, gin,' said the gentleman, 'Yes have a gin. No, have a double gin.'
'Well all right then,' said the nun, 'but do you think you could get it in a teacup so that nobody will know what I'm drinking?'
So the man walks into the pub, goes up to the bar and asks for a pint of bitter, and a large gin in a teacup.
'Oh no,' exclaims the barman, 'not that bloody nun again.'

A vice both obscene and unsavoury
Held a Master of Balliol in slavery
With bloodcurdling howls
He deflowered young owls
That he kept in an underground aviary.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

One of the great glories of adult sexual life is – adultery. Perhaps it's the double-chase factor: the pursuit of an extra-marital partner that makes the pursuing fox excitingly aware that this particular hunt could turn him into the hare, too. And perhaps that's the reason Giles Gordon's new novel, **About A Marriage** (Allison & Busby, £2.10) spends so much of its time thinking about adultery – though ninety per cent of the actual activity is firmly rooted in the marriage bed.

Yet Edward and Ann seem to have made a pretty fair stab at marital bliss. They're as likely to plunge into their own back garden to make love, as into bed. The very fact of having Robert, their first child, even re-charged the sexual battery of their marriage:

'There began between us the most exciting, free-wheeling love making, at all times of day and night, in all ways and places. We purchased a king-sized bed – seven feet by six feet six inches. In every way we made up for the lack of sex during the previous nine months. Ann began to dress as if she were sixteen, and she even managed to look that age. Her skirts and dresses she wore inches above her knees, and very tight. And she usually wore her skirts with a variety of leather or suede boots, each pair purchased more exotic than the last.

'After she had ceased to feed the baby with her own milk (when she was doing so her breasts were as large as giant water melons, and there was enough milk for other males than Robert to suck) she dispensed with bras. She wore thin blouses, of pastel colours, through which her nipples were outlined . . . She paid regular visits to shops in Soho and Shaftesbury Avenue that sold titillating underwear and returned home with G-strings, lace panties, panties with bows and frills, panties with slits down the front.

'The bed was laden with brightly coloured cushions, and she painted erotic pictures. She managed to do so without distorting any feature of the male or female anatomy, and we would argue for hours as to whether the man was more like me than the woman was like her. Our bodies devoured each other – to me, the pleasures of masochism became intense. In the mornings frequently my body was exhausted and sore. There were red weals down my back, and my genitals would be fragile. The thought of our sex of the night before would be enough to give me an erection. If I was wandering about the house naked, before having a bath, before or after having shaved, she might grab my rampant organ, play with it. The excitement of this would cause me to take her, to leap on her and remove whatever clothes she might be wearing. The thought of raping her against her will excited me greatly; not really raping her against her will – she had no will against the idea of being raped – but the pretence of it there was between us.

'The thought of my raping her against her (pretended) will excited her too. She would pull my pubic hair hard, twist it round a finger, likewise the hair upon my chest. This would drive me into a frenzy of ecstasy, and I would pump into her, with no thought of gentleness or compassion.

'Our proclivities changed as we improvised from position to position, idea to idea. Sometimes she would sit on me, wearing G-string and boots, and press down on me with all her weight, and I would heave up into her, she trying to make me collapse beneath her. I would knead her breasts as if they were dough, trying to make them disappear from her chest, drop them to her stomach or push them around her back. They would hang down like tender dripping pears. Some inspired nights we might fuck four or even five times, falling asleep worn out after each. I would wake her up at three or four (or more likely the baby would; she would feed him, then I would feel jealous – not for food; for Ann – and have to display my rivalry in action) and we would screw again.

'And we would be satisfied and complete.'

It all sounds like the perfect marriage, the perfect follow-through (if you see what I mean) from the first evening Edward and Ann ever spent together: grand opera at Covent Garden, followed by wild kissing amid the fruit and veg smells of the market, and an hour later some inexpert but satisfying love-making:

'She held me to her, guided me in. I was all tickly. She cried at the end. Not like a baby, or little sniffles, but big, big sobs that shook her body. I couldn't cope with this, didn't know how to react, thought that I'd done something wrong.'

But no – Ann reassures Edward that 'it was the most beautiful thing ever'. Well, they've come a long way, baby!

Mind you, they always were likely to – even the second time out (or do I mean *in*) Ann was running her finger round him with an expertise that made his body wriggle with delight. When they first started living together, they couldn't Edward admits as narrator of the novel, keep their hands off each other without exercising unwholesome control 'Ann was less restrained about this than I was, less self-conscious. She'd run her open hand across the outside of my flies, feeling for the clay that was within, inspiring it to grow. If she did that to me in the flat' (wow!) 'I'd unfasten my trousers and take off my pants and fuck her. We'd lie on the bed afterwards, saying nothing, touching each other's flesh as if it were sand falling through closed fingers.'

Maybe the sheer excitement of all this led our happy couple to talk – just talk, mind – about adultery. A 'tell me if it happens' type conversation – followed by tears and warm gentle love-making – 'I squeezed it into her when it was ready to come.' A few nights later the conversation comes up again – but this time *after* making love:

'We'd been on top of the bed, outside the covers, and I'd entered her from behind. She'd been wearing the briefest, tightest, black nylon panties and high leather boots. Afterwards, without a word, she'd rolled over onto her back like an exhausted great animal, and lifted up first her left leg, then her right, and I'd pulled off her boots. She'd left on her panties, and hidden beneath the sheets. Inside, beside her, I'd placed a hand within her garment.'

There followed a 'I wouldn't mind as long as you came back to me at night' type conversation.

Now, so far, it's been Ann saying to Edward – have another woman, but don't leave me. What actually happened was – yes, you've guessed – Ann cuckolded Edward first! With one of his best friends, of course, an ultra-respectable looking chap named Hamish. She tells Edward all – where they did it (in their own home!), how it happened, how he made love (he was quick) – and he comments to us readers: 'One day her straightforwardness would drive me insane.'

They talk themselves through this crisis – via recriminations to exhaustion and sleep – and out again. Only now, and for much of the novel, Edward keeps thinking about it: adultery, only this time his own. He takes his kids to the local park and meets a woman with a child of her own – a divorcee, as it turns out. He thinks of her sexually, almost at once, dreams of taking her, bringing her whimperingly to orgasm . . .

turn to page 14

'It's that son of mine in college – he doesn't keep his mind on his work.'

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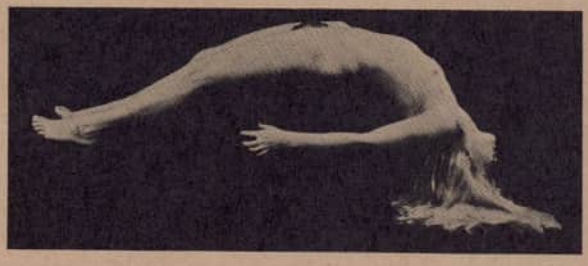
vive le sex



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M78

Books (*continued from page 11*)
Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to conclude (actually, to begin, too) with the news that Edward, though his local park fantasies come to nothing, does actually get his adulterous ashes hauled in a Bradford hotel during a business conference, with an attractive blowsy sort of beauty and in a surprisingly gentle and innocent way.
And it's Edward's own thought-process that made me realise just why it was that Giles Gordon's novel about marriage turned out to be about adultery – not just that you can't have the latter without the former: that's merely a matter of dictionary definitions.
No: it's that adultery, to be really successful and enjoyed, has to take place against the background of a happy and stable marriage! Or as the actress said to the nervous bishop: First you trust, then you thrust.

FILMS

David Quinlan

He's back – and bloodier than ever. At least, that's my slogan for director Michael Winner's new western **Chato's Land** (X), which follows hard on the heels of his other new film, *The Nightcomers* (recently reviewed in this column), and makes its sexual eccentricities positively glow with subtlety by comparison.
In Winner's last western, *Lawman*, Lee J. Cobb visibly blew his brains out. In this one, one man is knifed in the neck, one scalped (in detail), one lassoed with a rattlesnake (which bites him to death), a fourth clubbed to death with a rock, and sundry people raped, shot, stabbed and burnt. Though one has to admire the technical expertise with which it is all done, it's hardly entertainment.
Or maybe it is: gratuitous violence is certainly not to be sniffed at by Mr Winner – indeed he obviously considers it just the thing for the paying customers. And, in view of *Soldier Blue*, he may well be right.
As to the story, Charles Bronson is Chato, an Indian trailed by a posse after he kills a marshal. After they have committed mass rape on his wife, the hunters become the hunted, and Chato revenges himself on the members of the posse in progressively more gruesome style.
Bronson has very little to do, but Jack Palance gives his best performance in quite a while as the ex-Confederate officer who leads the posse. Sonia Rangan and Verna Harvey bare their breasts (the same Miss Harvey who was last seen playing a 13-year-old in *The Nightcomers*) and a thoroughly gory time is had by all.

More blood, more (all too visible) guts in Terence Young's western **Red Sun** (AA). But here, thank God, the principal attraction is a bird. None other than Miss Ursula Andress, who, with her habit of stripping to the waist in every film, puts me in mind of those beefcake heroes of a couple of decades back, such as Victor Mature, who couldn't appear without taking their shirts off at least once.
Miss Andress does it again, totally without reason (so who needs a reason to view the best breasts in the cinema – Edwige Feneche, move over) in what is not so much a spaghetti western as a samurai western.
Toshiro Mifune features as a Japanese guard who teams up with double-crossed bandit Charles Bronson (again!) to recapture a golden sword stolen from the Jap ambassador by Bronson's partner, treacherous New Orleans gambler Alain Delon, sporting one silver tooth amid the white.
Once again, there's rather too much gushing blood for my liking. Mifune wields his sword with deadly effect, and one can imagine, in the best Japanese tradition, his victims falling in half. It doesn't lack action, but it does lack heart.

In quite refreshing contrast, Peter Bogdanovich's new film, **What's Up Doc?** (U) is a free-wheeling, really old-fashioned comedy that takes one back to the thirties – when all the characters could somehow be relied on to end up in front of a neurotic judge (as they do here).
It's oddly paced for a comedy, but has some nice set pieces, and escalates into hilarity in the last half-hour, with a car chase that has more than a trace of the Disney touch.
My favourite line – from the judge on his courtroom: 'It may not look much to you. But it's all I've got.' Principal stars are Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal.

After the staid encounters with Mary Queen of Scots and Anne of the Thousand Days, it's refreshing to report that **Henry VIII and his Six Wives** (A) is actually rather good. It's beautifully photographed and has a bold performance from Keith Michell as Henry that stands up well on the big screen. Most of the wives are well delineated, especially those played by Frances Cuka, Charlotte Rampling, Jane Asher, Jenny Bos and Barbara Leigh-Hunt.

'Right Mrs Willmott – in your own time, tell me all about this recurring fantasy.'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

I must have played the first album from Heads Hands and Feet more than anything else since it was released. **Tracks** (Island ILPS 9185), their second, is if anything better. It has the same funky/country style with some lightning guitar work from Albert Lee. His timing and emphasis are exactly right. The band have a sound that is tightly controlled, but they never lose their lively, spontaneous and confident approach.
Two new albums are available from The Grateful Dead, America's legendary rock group. **Vintage Dead** (Polydor/Sunflower 2310 172) is a live recording made in 1966 in San Francisco and **Historic Dead** a studio recording of the same period.
Here are heavy blues and hard rock from the acid/flower power era. There are some exciting and stimulating instrumentals from Jerry Garcia who is considered to be one of today's best lead guitarists. On this early material their talent is very much in evidence, however much they have since progressed musically 'Workingman's Dead', for example, is more relaxed.
The Rev. Gary Davis was a master of blues guitar techniques, among his many pupils were Blind Boy, Fuller and Stefan Grossman, who in fact, produced this latest album of his **Children of Zion** (Transatlantic TRA 249) which is a live recording of a concert given in 1962. It's a mixture of holy blues, fun songs and tricky guitar instrumentals. Rev. Davis was in his sixties when this recording was made, so as you can imagine his voice is rather hard and rough. There's a lot of experience, sincerity and humour.
On **Phantasmagoria** (Warner Bros. K46158) Curved Air

turn to page 16

Discs *continued from page 14*
borrowed the title from a Lewis Carroll poem but the music is completely their own. Francis Monkman the organist has been experimenting with a computer-synthesizer and the results are mysterious and unusual, particularly on 'Whose shoulder are you looking over anyway?'. This really is progressive music in the true sense.

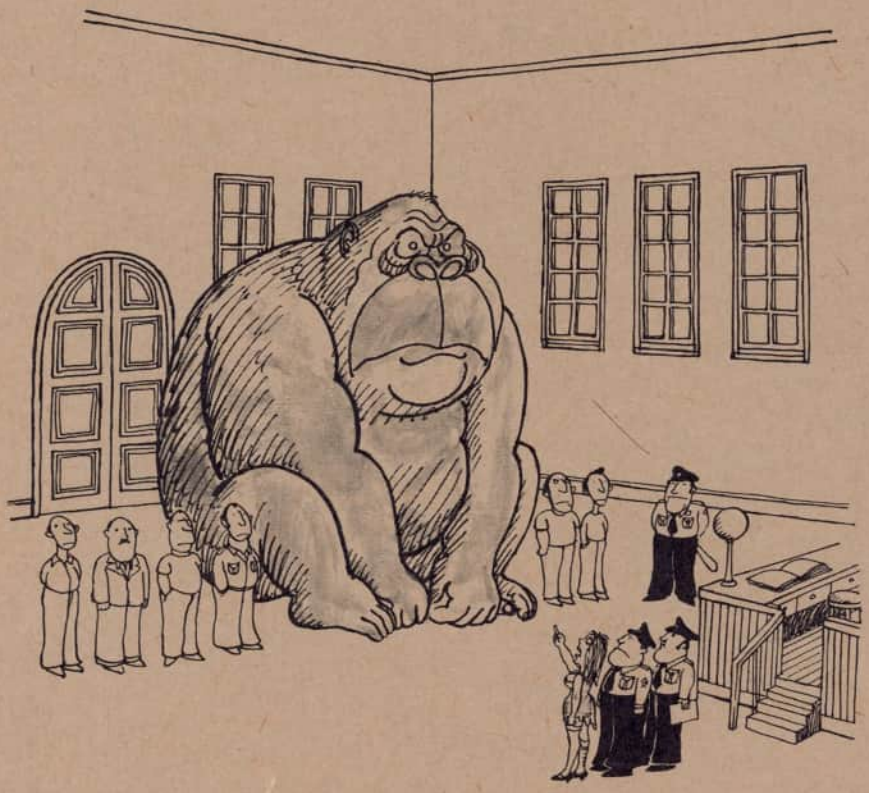
Django Reinhardt, the French jazz guitarist, was a brilliant instrumentalist. **Django in Rome** *1949-1950* (EMI PCS 7146) makes available for the first time sessions he did in the Eternal City more than 20 years ago. They show Django's amazing guitar work on such titles as Debussy's 'Reverie' and Grieg's 'Norwegian Dance.' Django was an artist with incredible musical taste; he produced delicate melodies, sparkling solo passages and dynamic swing music. Several tracks on this record were his own compositions.

Two albums of Piano Rags have been released on the Nonesuch label, the first, **Piano Rags by Scott Joplin** played by Joshua Rifkin (H-71248) is an excellent opportunity to hear these compositions (written between 1899 and 1914) with the advantages of modern recording techniques. Joplin's famous 'Maple Leaf Rag' is included in this selection. The second album **Heliotrope Bouquet** played by William Bolcom (H-71257) is a collection of rags written from 1900–1970. Both these records recapture the music that swept over America at the turn of the century. This intoxicating syncopated rhythm is a refreshing change from the distorted electronic music of our own age.

Wishbone Ash are one of the few bands to try a two-guitar line-up. This difficult, but potentially very exciting arrangement can be heard on **Argus** (MCA MDKS 8006). Andy Powell and Ted Turner, the two guitarists, have great instrumental rapport and imagination. Vocals are shared between Martin Turner (bass), Andy and Ted. They have an enormous following in the clubs, and I suspect that this record will swell it even further for them, and give them the break they deserve.

Uriah Heep (named after the Dickensian character) are really loud and heavy – a live performance is nothing less than a full-frontal assault on the senses. Their new album **Demons and Wizards** (Bronze ILPS 9193) is still powerful, aggressive rock, but it's so much better than their earlier 'Very 'Eavy, Very 'Umble'. There have been some changes in line-up, and the band now seem more together. This is due in no small part to Gary Thain's pounding bass. Uriah are an honest, unpretentious rock band, and they pack tremendous punch, both live and on record.

More good heavy stuff – this time from the first, meanest and heaviest of the British rockers – the Stones. **Exile on Main Street** (Rolling Stones Records COC 69100) is mostly the mixture as before, but the Stones can still weave intricate and original variations on the same old rock and blues themes. A double album this – perhaps to compensate fans for well over a year's gap since the last – they recorded it themselves on their own mobile equipment. On hearing 'Tumbling Dice', released as a single from the LP, I thought they had lost a lot by not recording in a proper studio. But since listening to the whole album I've revised my judgement. The mixing and production by Jimmy Miller match the mainly excellent quality of the material



'That's the one, officer.'

DRINKS

Charles Fforde

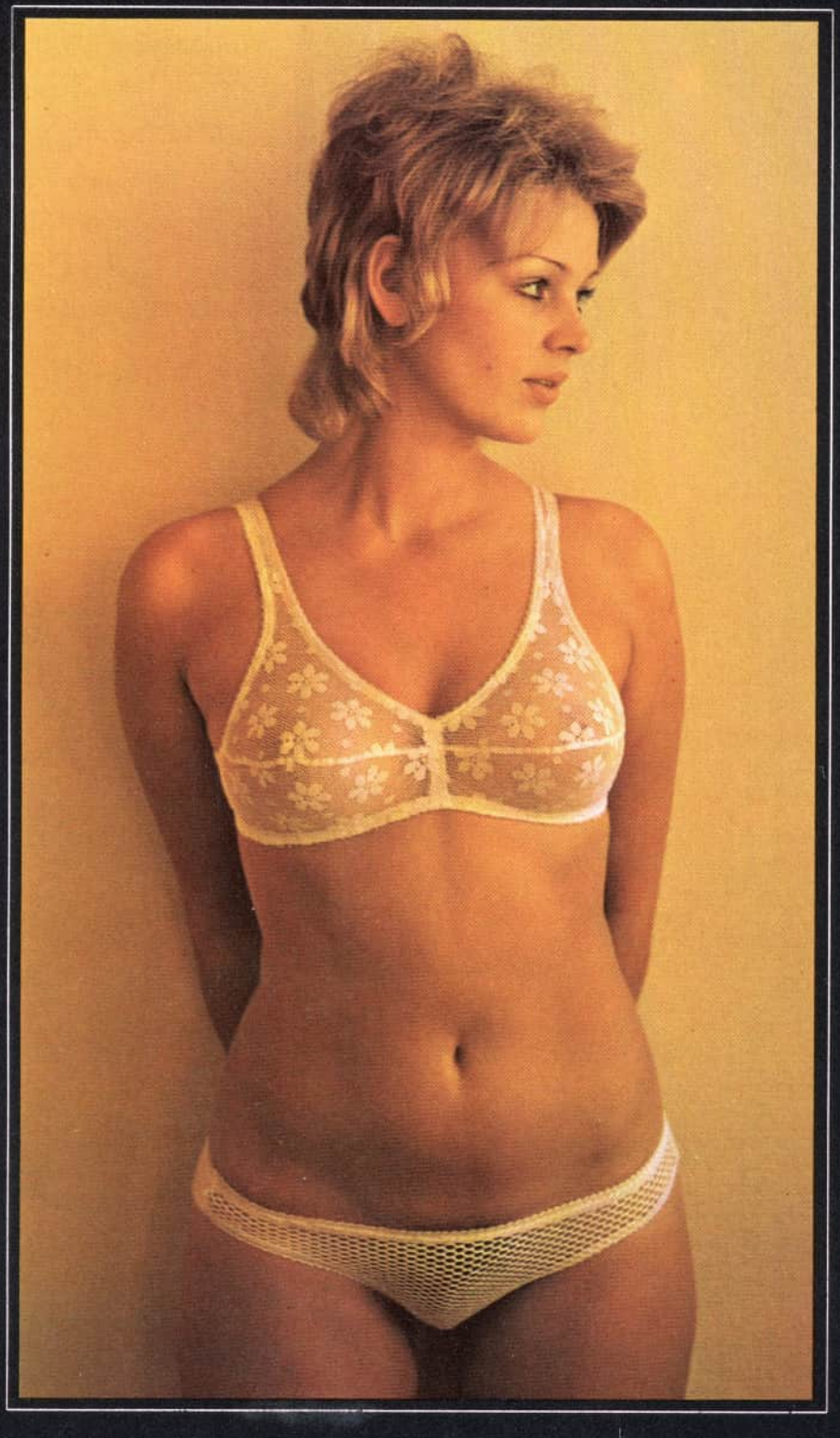
To most people the wine writer is a happy man, slightly flushed of visage, standing in a candle-lit cellar sipping (but not swallowing) priceless vintages. A pleasant fantasy, and one which I am pleased to say sometimes comes true. Such occasions are the famous wine tastings held to mark the Lebègue Wine Week, held for the first time in five years.

The tastings are held in the company's whitewashed cellars beneath the arches of London Bridge station. Candlelight flickers on bins of cobwebby bottles, and, as Chairman and Managing Director Hervey Prince points out, not even in France can such a range of the best growths and vintages be tasted side by side.

This year 187 wines were catalogued, among them such splendours as four vintages of Chateau d'Yquem, domain bottled Richebourg, first growth clarets. The good that this does me is obvious, but what good, you may fairly ask, does it do you, the readers? Just this. Among the noble bottles at this gracious tasting are the same varieties of plonk that suit your pocket (and mine, if I'm paying). Thus, any wine Lebègue sell they are proud to offer to any expert. The cheapest of the wines has the confidence of the firm.

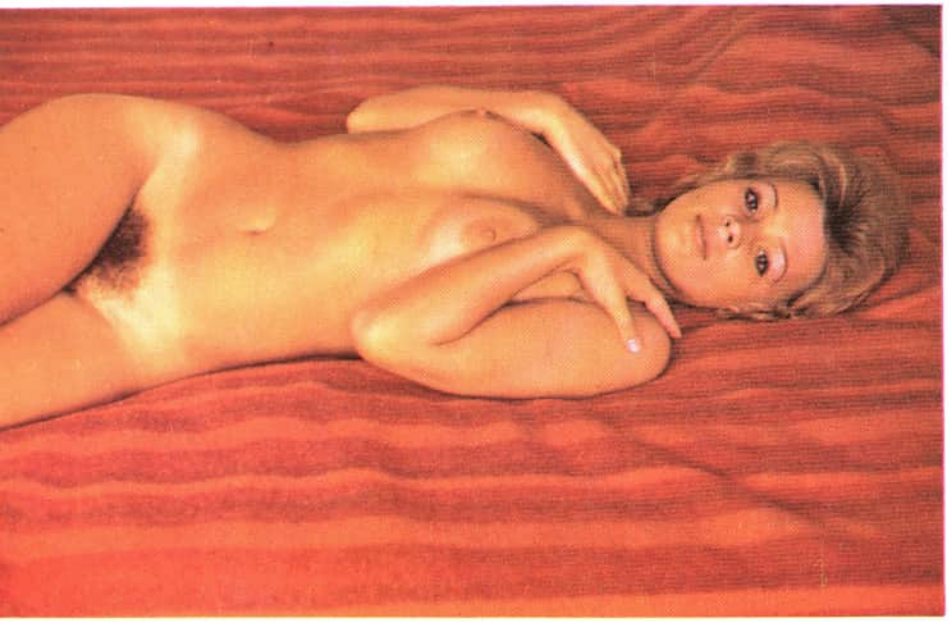
Secondly, at tastings such as these, new ideas are evident. Last year Lebègue produced their French country wines, that is, wine from non-famous areas. Very drinkable they were too. Now also they have single vine wines, Le Sauvignon and Le Grenache, bottled in France and selling at about 89p. What a sensible idea and what a good way of learning the very basic characteristics of wines made from different grapes.

And if, as your career blossoms, your palate and your pocket develop at equal rates, allow me to lead you gently towards a bottle of Lebègue's Grands Echézeaux which comes from the domain of Romanee-Conti and say 'Drink this and sympathise with wine writers in their attempts to capture such liquid bliss with their inadequate words.'



SAMMY

You don't have to cross the sea to Ireland to find Sammy Kennedy. You'll catch this 22-year-old half way over here already, on the Isle of Man. Sammy's an Irish lass by birth but hasn't quite got across the water yet. She wants to move to England but says 'the Isle of Man will do for a while.' Coy



Sammy says she's not as shy as she looks. 'I just need a man who is big and forceful enough to bring out my more interesting side.' Sammy's more interesting side is her firm 35-24-36. She likes to take her clothes off but says 'I just need a strong hand to make me do it.'

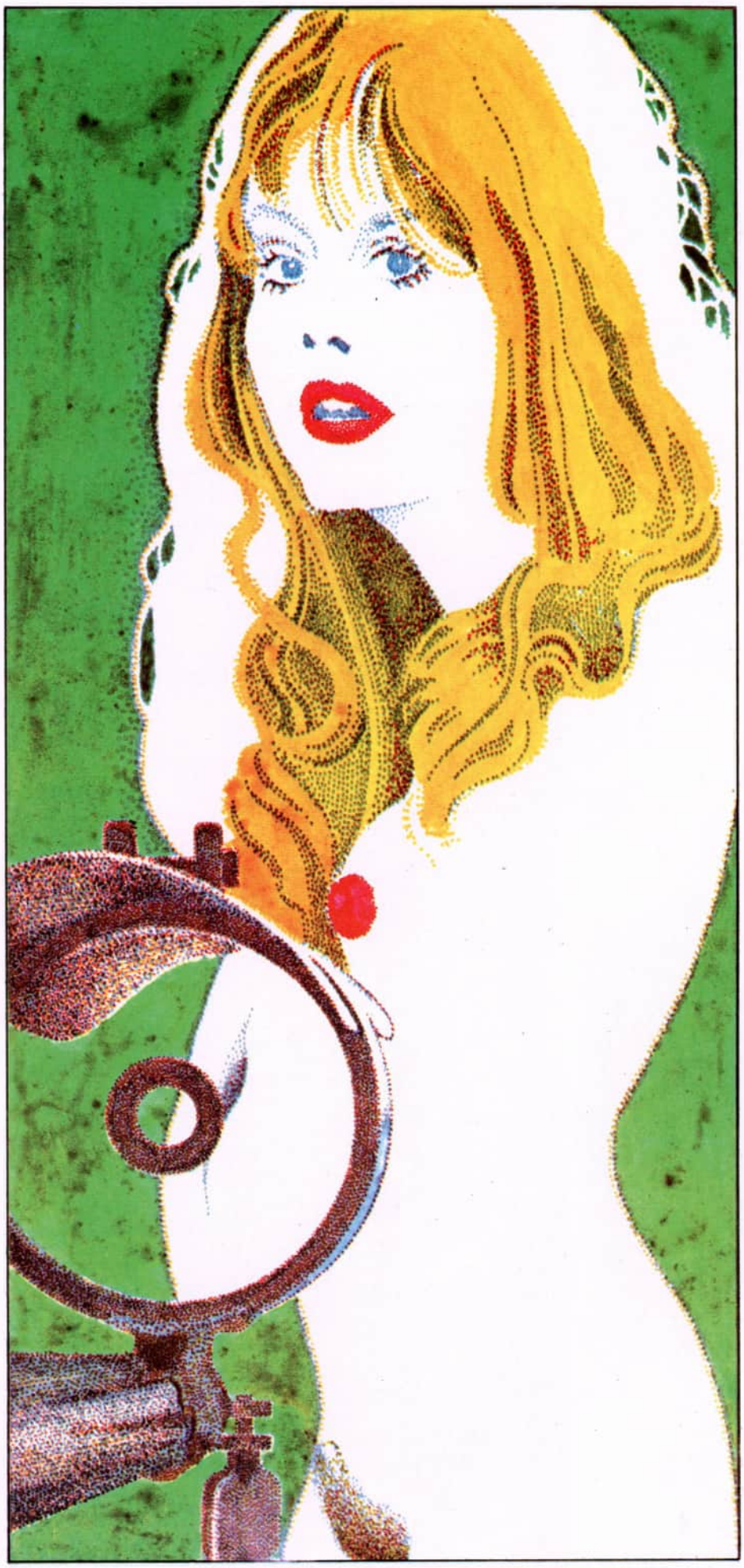


ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM RANKIN

LAST ASSIGNATION

Twelve years since his last kill. One more and then peace with Annette

Fiction by Alan Merchant

Mercer dropped to his knees as the pines thinned out at the edge of the wood. A small knoll to his left had two young trees sprouting from it like hairs from a wart. Mercer crawled towards it stiffly, cursing under his breath as a sharp edge of rock bit through his thin cotton slacks. It was twelve years since he'd carried out an *assignation* himself. Twelve years for his knees to grow soft under a desk back in Dijon.

The seven bloody ages of an agent, Mercer thought grimly. Hard skin on the knees until thirty-five. Callouses on your arse by fifty.

He reached the shallow hollow behind the knoll and stretched forward on his side, unclipping the knapsack from around his neck. The weight of the sack had made a sore spot on his shoulder. Mercer massaged it gingerly with his fingertips.

The house was exactly where the map reference had specified in his instructions. Directly across the valley from where he lay. Framed neatly between the pine trunks shielding Mercer from view. Hard edged and white in the harsh Provencal sun. Alone on a hillside terraced with grey stone walls. The rows of olive trees looking like puffs of smoke in a windless landscape. As if the house were under artillery bombardment.

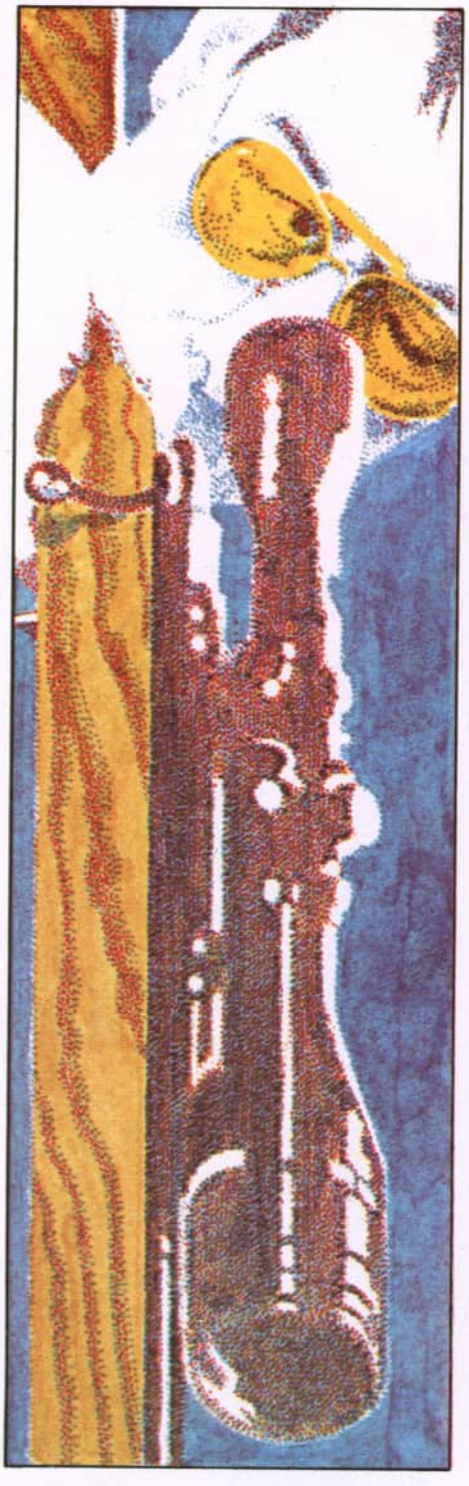
Mercer glanced down at the solitary fig tree ten yards below him. The leaves stirred uneasily as he watched them. And then fell still again. A very slight gust. From left to right across his field of vision. Not enough to affect his aim. But safer if he chose a moment when the leaves were still.

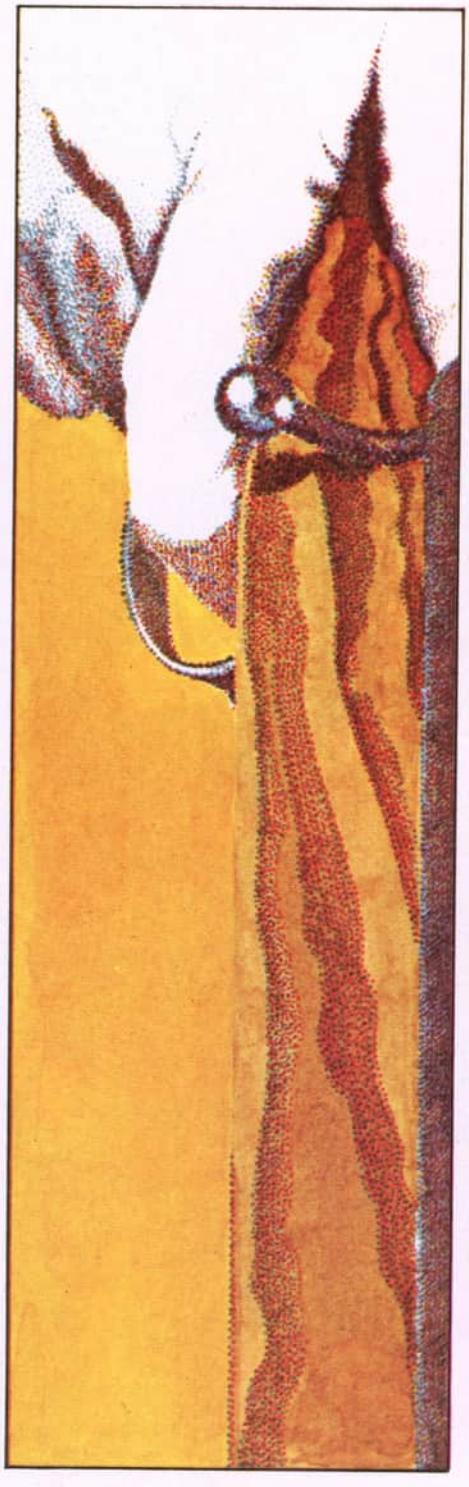
Mercer moved his hand to the knapsack. Checking that it was in the shade before reaching inside for the telescopic sight. He lifted his head again and trained the lenses on the house across the valley.

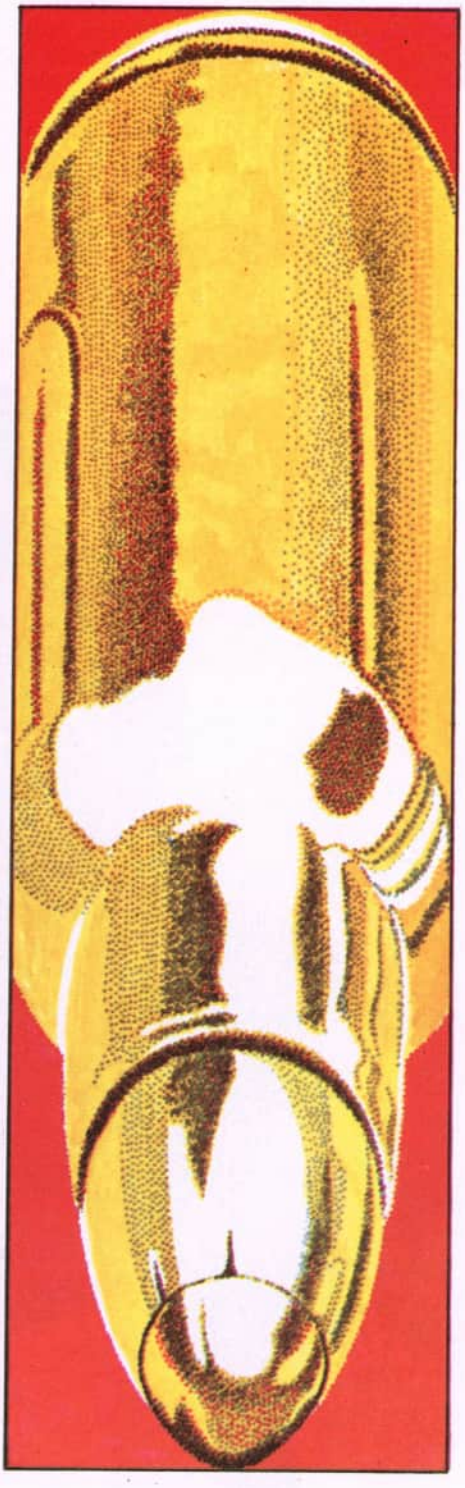
The detailing of the facade came sharply into focus. The house was built in the vaguely Spanish style that developers favoured for the villas mushrooming inland behind Cannes and Nice. Red curved tiles, arabesque grills over the smaller windows, pretending to be balconies, a low profile arch over what Mercer assumed was the garage. More Latin American than Spanish. Californian closer still. What Californian film directors had thought of as Spanish back in the forties.

Mercer lowered the sight and rested his

Turn to page 27







LAST ASSIGNATION

continued from page 24

eyes. The forties. That's when he'd got caught up in this business. When military intelligence found out he'd been doing a Renoir up in the artists' colony at Cagnes before the war. And had parachuted him back in again in '43 to lay the ground for the landings in '44.

To lay a series of German counter intelligence officers in the ground, to be more precise. A form of warfare even less to Mercer's taste than the infantry soldiering he'd seen earlier. But better paid. And very much better paid once the hot war was over, and the people in Whitehall found they had to offer market rates for cold war agents.

Mercer drew the carefully wrapped bundles of oily cloth from the rucksack and started to assemble the rifle Staying low out of sight behind the knoll.

Is that why he'd stayed on after the war? The money?

It was a question Annette had asked him several times recently. Now that he'd admitted to her that the office back in Dijon was only a front. And certainly if it hadn't been for the money he'd never have found himself in that boutique in St. Tropez. Where a young hippy designer sold denim jeans and jackets at Saville Row prices. Where he'd first seen Annette. Struggling with a pair of slacks in a half-curtained changing room. Buttocks honey in the shade.

But it wasn't just the money. Not just the chance to stay on in France after the Germans had gone. It was more that sending a man to eternity with a gun had turned out to be so much easier than capturing him for eternity on canvas. One crack of the rifle so much more final and finite than the endless, nervous movements of a brush.

Mercer pressed the bolt forward against the spring and watched carefully as it ran back along its channel. A little slow. He took a phial from the sack and let a drip of oil detach itself onto the bolt before easing the bolt to and fro. Twelve years ago one crack of a rifle was enough. It had been a matter of pride to push just one shell into the breech. Almost a matter of superstition: if the one shot missed there must be some mistake. The subject wasn't destined to die.

He'd never missed. Not with a rifle. Missing was for painting. Working the brush marks over again. Changing their direction. Mixing more red into the curve of the thigh. Still not hitting it off.

Twelve years was a long time. Even the people in Whitehall should have realised that. A lot could happen to a man in twelve years.

Mercer counted five rounds from the long clip in the sack and laid them one by one in the magazine. He butted the magazine into place with his palm.

Twelve years ago they'd only just started the office in Dijon. Only just begun to face up to the fact that France's allegiance to NATO couldn't be taken for granted. At first Whitehall had thought he was joking when he'd suggested the 'English Mustard Publicity Board' as a front. English mustard certainly seemed an odd thing to promote in the home of *moutarde Dijonais*. But that had proved the beauty of it. Nobody – surely – who wanted to stay out of sight would have chosen a cover so conspicuous. The French put the Board down to British eccentricity and arrogance. And commercial incompetence.

Ironically, Mercer had sold a lot of mustard. Enough to make him wish he'd had some other idea, at times when the French were making new mischief, and the sub-agents' reports were flowing in by the hour.

He'd miss the mustard. And his chats with the local wholesalers over a glass of wine. Life had become strangely settled in these past twelve years. Which made it all the stranger that an assignation should come now. Within two months of retirement.

'Just part of the general tidying up before you leave.' The reply from London had read when he'd challenged the instruction. The reply had been quite clear. It was that bloody settled an operation.

Well a lot of things could change in twelve years. Even the painting had started to flow and flower miraculously since he'd met Annette. She'd sat for him readily enough. As readily as she'd come to his bed. It seemed it no longer needed the partings and dangers of war to persuade French girls of twenty to take their clothes off.

Mercer slipped the telescope into position along the barrel and slowly edged the gun forward between the two pine trunks. He put his eye to the aperture and struggled to clear his mind of the image of Annette's limbs draped roundly over his chaise longue. With Annette as a model the paint stuck. It went onto the canvas and stayed there. And still looked right the next morning.

Arnouilh – a crony he'd known from the resistance days in '43 – had watched silently the way his work had developed since last summer's meeting with Annette. And when Mercer tried to explain the effect she'd had on his painting spat out a Gallic witticism of such dense obscenity that even Mercer's lifelong French missed its more spiteful nuances. Something about old brushes and young palettes.

Well maybe. But that's what Renoir had been about in his last years at Cagnes. Young housemaids and ripe flesh. And that's when it had really come right for him. Strange that Arnouilh should have looked almost sad.

Mercer tensed as he picked up a movement in one of the upstairs windows. A bedroom window, almost certainly. He refined the focus, but the shutters were two thirds closed, and whatever it was had moved out of sight.

Four ten. A Sunday afternoon in June *A la campagne*. What more natural than that Rosenthal should be spending an hour in bed, after an over-heavy lunch. Perhaps with one of his own girls from Marseilles. Because if Annette typified young France, Rosenthal caricatured France as Mercer had known it in his youth.

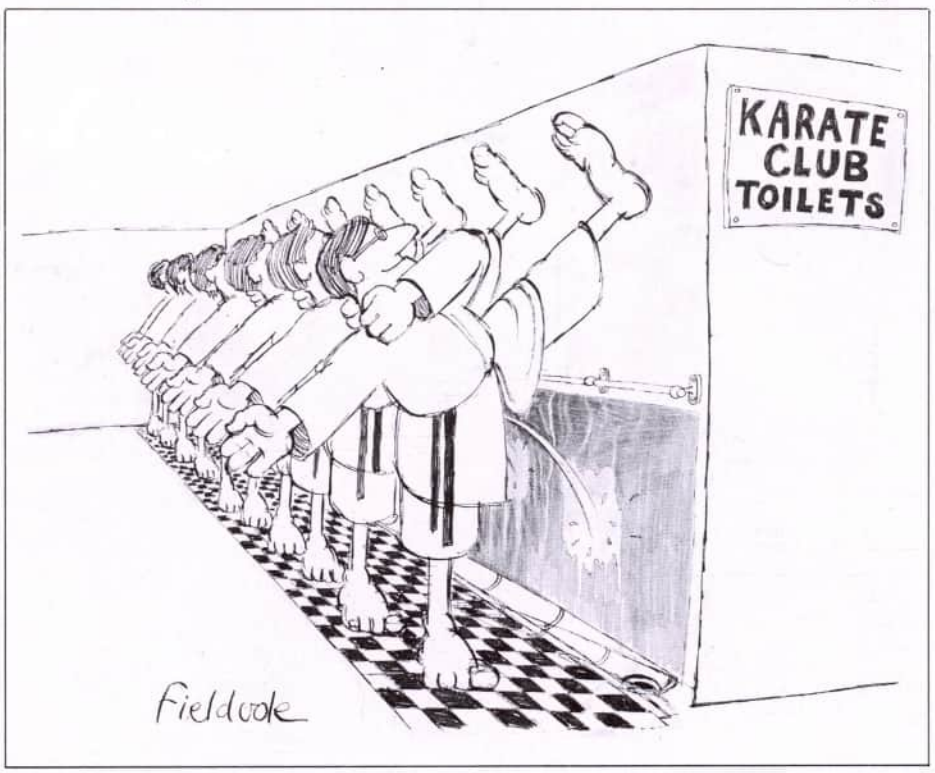
Rosenthal ran brothels. And brothels themselves seemed strangely dated institutions in the era of miniskirts and hot pants. Or so Mercer had come to think. Since Annette.

Not just brothels anywhere. Brothels in Marseilles. Which was straining caricature almost too far.

And Rosenthal was a German. A German who'd first come to Marseilles in 1942. In his real name of Krefeld. Hauptmann Krefeld. Head of a counter-insurgency section which had almost certainly initiated the destruction of the *vieux quartier* of Marseilles down by the port. On the pretext that it was insanitary.

Which it was of course. If, like Krefeld, you'd come poking around for hidden

turn to page 79



LAST ASSIGNATION

continued from page 27

radio transmitters. Rather than just for a poke.

Mercer grunted disgustedly. He was catching Arnouilh's crapulous turn of phrase.

The telescope travelled past the other windows again and down onto the terraced lawn. A lawn like that wasn't easy to come by in a climate as harsh as Provence. It needed a lot of water, a lot of care. A lot of time. And money. Down at Cannes they were so proud of their *pelouses* that you had only to put a foot on them to be savaged by some petty official.

Well Rosenthal wasn't short of a franc or two. Not with the traffic Mercer had seen going through those brothels.

Not short of a girl for himself either, when he wanted company at the weekend.

The telescope rested on the blue umbrella sunshade sheltering the white table and the two white chairs. To the left of the lawn. London's staffwork had been immaculate. It always was. Even the table and chairs were just where his instructions had said. And no doubt they'd prove right about Rosenthal's habits.

Mercer checked his chronometer again. Which meant Rosenthal should be coming out onto the lawn anytime from now. For what Mercer's instructions had termed "an invariable sundowner".

Whitehall rarely got the local colour right. Just the hard facts.

Mercer took the map from the pocket of the knapsack and checked once more his distance from the house. Seven hundred metres, as near as made no difference. Or only the difference of half an inch on the body of the man in the house. Mercer checked the calibration on his sights. Seven hundred metres.

The map didn't show the cluster of villas at the far end of the valley to the left. The map was dated 1967. In another ten years the valley would look like a garden suburb. None the worse for that, necessarily. Mercer had come to appreciate the ordinary company of his ordinary fellow men. Recently. He could see himself settling down with Annette in a place like this.

Mercer studied the house again. There were shadows now under the olive trees, and the stone walls of the terraces had lost their cardboard cut-out look as the sun moved lower and gave them another dimension. Funny how the shadows looked more real than the trees themselves. The landscape was softening and deepening as he watched.

'In the evening of life,' Mercer thought to himself. Inconsequentially.

And stiffened immediately at a movement across the valley. A servant had come round the side of the house carrying a tray of drinks. White jacket, black tie. He set the tray down on the table, polished several glasses, and returned the way he'd come. Mercer followed him back across the lawn through the gun sights, and then swung the rifle to the left till it rested on the French windows beginning to glint in the late sun. He had only a minute to wait. The glint exploded in a flash and then died as the windows were pushed open from inside. Mercer breathed steadily. He'd been ready for the sun to do that.

Rosenthal came out onto the lawn, laughing over his shoulder to a second person following him out from the house. Mercer kept his sights steady on Rosenthal, and his nerves steady as he checked through his identity. Thick set. Five-feet-eight. Very muscular shoulders. Dark features. Strong nose. Dark hair fringing a bald scalp.

This was Rosenthal alright. And the total appearance was sufficiently Semitic to make Rosenthal ring truer than Krefeld. No bad cover for a Nazi.

Mercer relaxed his shoulder muscles as he let the muzzle follow Rosenthal down the lawn. He'd take him when he'd settled at the table.

Is that why Whitehall wanted him? Because he'd been a Nazi? Hardly. Only the Israelis seemed to worry about that any more. And some of their best friends were Germans.

More likely Rosenthal was running an operation for new masters. Perhaps using his girls as contacts. Mata Hari wasn't just a romantic story. And Mercer's experience taught him that professionals rarely scored high on loyalty. Some of his old resistance friends had followed some pretty queer paths after the war. It was the game itself that counted. More than whose team you were playing in.

Rosenthal reached the table and drew back a chair for his guest. Still laughing. Useless to speculate how he'd crossed Mercer's bosses. As an agent you were never told. 'An agent is required merely to execute the sentence,' they'd been told in training long ago in '42, 'not to carry the heavy burden of judging whether the sentence is just.'

Rosenthal leaned over his guest as she took the chair he was holding. Mercer could see from Rosenthal's expression that it certainly was a woman. Just a quick look out of curiosity, now that Rosenthal was safe, and then . . .

Mercer's mouth twitched and tightened. A large bead of perspiration ran down the side of his nose and dropped unheeded on the stock of his rifle. He was staring into the grey eyes of Annette.

Mercer moved his head to one side to wipe his face on his shirt sleeve. And then settled again behind the gun. First to check that Rosenthal had sat down too.

He had. Mercer moved his muzzle across the white table top and past the gleaming tray of drinks. Until the cross on his sights overlaid the crucifix resting between Annettes breasts. Mercer worked the bolt a first time, eased off the safety catch and steadied his breathing. The crucifix was of lead. And heavy. They'd shopped for it together in Paris at Christmas. But Mercer saw no reason why it should save her. Annette was pagan. Like all her generation.

And after twelve years his aim wasn't that accurate. Not quite.

His finger began the long slow pressure on the trigger. It wasn't that he hadn't seen Arnouilh in the pine wood to his left. Or the elephant gun that was pointing at Mercer's neck. But Arnouilh wouldn't shoot until Rosenthal had been dropped.

Not if Whitehall were to get as big a tidying up as they seemed to have planned.

'You'll be hearing from my lawyers . . .'

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

ROLL ON

by Denis Kilcommons

What, Tim wondered, was he doing in damp tights here, in Sherwood Forest

The grass was green and very damp. He could feel the uncomfortable bite of the moisture through his woollen tights.

Drizzle misted the clearing and he would have appreciated its idyllic beauty if he hadn't been so uncomfortable. He was lying on his face under the spreading boughs of a magnificent tree that dripped raindrops spasmodically but accurately on his shivering body. He sneezed and suddenly wondered where he was.

He should have been at home in bed, nursing an expensive hangover. He couldn't have fallen out of the bedroom window into the garden because he didn't have a garden. And he didn't wear tights.

He looked down at his legs and sure enough

turn to page 58

Roll on *continued from page 29*

they were encased in tights. A bit baggy mind, now that the wool had got damp and soggy, but tights nevertheless. Stranger still they were green. And he hated green.

He sneezed again and got up out of the damp. His head ached and his stomach lurched at the activity. Well at least he still had his hangover.

He tried a tentative stretch to move the stiffness from his bones and sniffed. He'd caught a cold. No wonder, sleeping out all night in the rain without even a cloak.

He was scratching his head when he realised he didn't have a cloak. Why the hell should he have a cloak? To keep out the cold and damp? That was reasonable. He nodded at the wisdom and felt under his leather jerkin to scratch an armpit.

The muzziness in his head was clearing in the fresh morning air and he stamped his feet to restore circulation. His feet were wet and he made a mental note to either get his boots repaired or steal a new pair.

He picked up the sword in the leather scabbard and attached it to his belt, made sure his dirk was in position and . . .

Now hold on just a minute. His mind was insistent.

It was time, it said, to stop messing around, get out of bed and get ready for work. He'd look a right fool turning up at the office wearing green tights and waving a sword. It was time to stop dreaming and open his eyes.

So he tried. But he found the operation particularly difficult as his eyes were already open.

So he pinched himself. It hurt.

The drizzle stopped and a watery sun filtered through the foliage. The greenwood smelt pure and new, each fragrance sharp and defined in his nostrils. He breathed it in deeply and felt glad to be alive. He picked up his bow and slung the quiver of arrows across his shoulders and . . .

Hey! His mind caught up with him again. Cut it out. You've gone to work with a hangover before, stop taking liberties. Wake up.

He made a deliberate effort to wake up. He concentrated hard.

He gave up. It's no use, I'm awake. I can feel the air and smell the forest, he told his mind. I know it's ridiculous but I feel awake. I know these tights as well as an old pair of underpants. I know this bow and I know I'm good with it. And anyway, I don't want to go to the office.

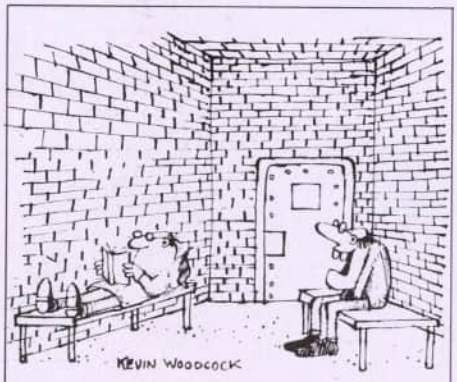
He thought and added, what's an office? His mind started to lose its grip. The situation was unreal, and yet so real. He had to face it.

But you're Timothy West of Ilford and a shipping clerk, it insisted. Repeat it, repeat your identity. Who are you?

I'm Timothy . . . He tried again. I'm Tim . . . He made a determined effort. I'm . . . Robin Hood?

His mind flipped and gave up the ghost. Timothy stepped out briskly, crossed the clearing and followed an unseen path through the greenwood, instinct leading the way.

The loss of one life and adoption of another



'Apart from the morning sunrise and the sound of birdsong, what I really miss most is a good lay.'

didn't upset him, but gave him a buoyant feeling of liberation. His existence in Ilford was still there somewhere, in dream sequence at the edges of senses that now seemed newborn and eager for experience.

After ten minutes the path led him to a broad and well worn track, the surface pitted and rutted by wagon wheels and horses hooves. He kept to the grass verge and walked on a few minutes more until round a corner it forked at the base of a huge oak tree.

He paused some paces from the tree, put two fingers in his mouth and whistled. He was still wondering why when a bent little figure, dressed in brown and green rags, appeared on a high branch and waved him on. As he reached the base ten or twelve villainous looking fellows materialised from the surrounding shrubbery and walked slowly towards him. Each one was more ugly and scarred than the last, with drooping moustaches, tangled beards, filthy unkempt hair, and smelling verminous clothes.

The tallest and ugliest spoke. 'Still no word, Robin,' he said, and Timothy realised he was looking at his merry men. Not at all what he had imagined.

A thin sly one who was whittling a piece of wood with a razor sharp knife, twisted his head until it appeared to lie sideways on his shoulders, closed one eye, leered redly with the other and said, 'They'd better come, that's all,' and lopped the top off his whittling stick.

Two or three of the others grunted in agreement and the big man turned and glared. 'Watch your mouth Agemund or I'll fill it with fist.'

Agemund blinked a smile and held his peace, his warning given.

Timothy sneezed, blew his nose in his fingers and cursed his cold. He heard himself say, 'They'll be here and I want no cock-ups like last time,' when the little man in the tree whistled down. They all turned to look in the direction he pointed and saw a horseman approaching at a gallop.

'It's the minstrel,' one said, and as he got closer Timothy could, in fact, see a lute strapped to the side of the horse like a Winchester 73.

He reined in before the men and Timothy was pleased to note that at least this one was clean, smartly dressed and even wore a feather in a neat green hat.

'They're not far behind. They'll be here soon,' he said breathlessly and then spurred his horse away.

Without further ado the men slid silently back into the forest.

Timothy walked to the huge tree and climbed up into its branches using the twisted vines that hung around it like ropes. He loosened his quiver and lay it beside him on the broad branch, strung his bow and fitted an arrow. The distant sound of mounted men and the creak of a wagon reached them on the clear morning air and he strained to see up the track.

He counted eight mounted men, a wagon and driver, and three women riding sedately side-saddle, their bright gowns making the scene pleasant, jolly and genteel.

One of the women laughed and the bushy moustachioed captain smiled as his eyes ranged the way ahead. He looked up, something catching his attention, and Timothy heard the soft twang of Little John's bow and the hum of arrow and then saw the shaft sticking from the captain's bloodied throat. He fell silently backwards from his horse, still smiling, as carnage broke loose.

Arrows flew from all directions and armed men toppled from their horses, oaths of rage turning to screams of pain and death.

All the men and three of the horses were down, pin-stuck with wooden shafts, two of the women were also on the ground, thrown from their frightened horses, but the third still fought for control of her mount.

The driver of the wagon was spread between the shafts, three arrows in his chest and one in his back, and the shire horse that pulled it was also down.

Timothy watched as his merry men came out from their hiding places and methodically went amongst the bodies, cutting purse strings and the occasional throat, prising loose what arrows they could, sizing up bodies of their own size and ripping off boots and jerkins.

Two were already mauling the fallen women and one was on her back, gown waist high and naked limbs spread and flopping beneath the haphazard but enthusiastic thrusts of a bare bottomed ruffian.

Little John was already at the base of the tree and making for the mounted lady. He turned and shouted. 'Come on Robin, we haven't much time.'

Timothy frankly didn't want to get any closer to the bloody scene below but his senses quivered with excitement and he found himself sliding deftly down a convenient vine. He stepped over a body whose head was almost severed from its trunk, and was before the woman on horseback. John held the reins of her mount and she glared defiantly around her, ignoring the outlaw leader.

Alongside the rape was continuing noisily and the second lady-in-waiting had been attractively stripped to the waist in a lost battle of virtue with two robbers.

Timothy kicked a naked rump in an effort

turn to page 75

The tragic exploding cigar

continued from page 34

passengers no freedom of movement and usually no sleeping facilities.

In the summer of 1929 the Graf Zeppelin made a remarkable round-the-world flight. She took off from Lakehurst, New Jersey, on August 8, then flew via the Azores, the Scillies and Paris to Friedrichshafen, and from there non-stop across Siberia to Tokyo – a total of nearly 7,000 miles. She then flew via Los Angeles back to Lakehurst, arriving there just three weeks after departure – and only about 12½ days were actually spent in the air. Such a flight was well beyond the capabilities of any passenger aeroplane then flying and firmly established the airship as the most logical vehicle for long-haul routes.

Graf Zeppelin began experimental flights over the South American route in 1931, starting at Seville in Spain and terminating at Recife on the north-eastern tip of Brazil. The following April regular services were started from Friedrichshafen to Recife, later extending to Rio. These continued until the Hindenburg disaster.

The Hindenburg had first flown in March 1936, carrying 50 passengers in standards of comfort and spaciousness rivalling those of an ocean liner. There was even a lightweight piano on board. Deutsche Zeppelin Reederei, the operating company, had been made into a state airline by Goering a year earlier and the Hindenburg began scheduled North Atlantic services between Frankfurt and Lakehurst early in the summer of 1936. She made ten return flights that season – taking about 65 hours for the journey there and 52 hours back – and made four South Atlantic crossings.

There were no other passenger air services across the Atlantic at this time, although Pan American, Air France, Deutsche Luft Hansa and BOAC's predecessor Imperial Airways were all pushing ahead with survey and mail flights over the Atlantic using flying boats and seaplanes. Panam was the first to actually start passenger services, just two months before the outbreak of war. During the winter of 1936–37 the Hindenburg's passenger capacity was increased to 72 to meet the demand for seats, at last producing a balance between cost and revenue. The single North Atlantic fare was in fact £80.

Following the Hindenburg disaster, its successor, the LZ130 Graf Zeppelin II, launched in September 1938, was designed to use non-inflammable helium gas as a lifting agent. It had been used as early as 1923 in the US airship Shenandoah. But helium was both expensive and rare. Almost the entire world supply at that time came from the US, which was unable or unwilling to give to Nazi Germany a raw material which might be used for military purposes. Aside from that, helium had the additional disadvantage of being some ten per cent heavier than hydrogen, imposing severe payload restrictions. The Graf Zeppelin II consequently had to make do with hydrogen.

As far as operating costs went, it has been estimated that the Hindenburg was twice as expensive to run as the Douglas DC-3, its aeroplane contemporary. However, the Hindenburg and the Graf Zeppelin did cover 80 per cent of their costs before operations ceased. They had carried 16,000 passengers during their working lives and the Hindenburg had maintained full loads throughout the 1936 season. Although they did not achieve economic viability they were well on the way to it. Given maybe a decade more of development, the big rigid airship could have been a profitable proposition.

The outbreak of World War II put a stop to German airship design and operation. Goering ordered the scrapping of both Graf Zeppelins and the great ships were broken up early in 1940 by Luftwaffe ground units after their own crews had refused to dismantle them.

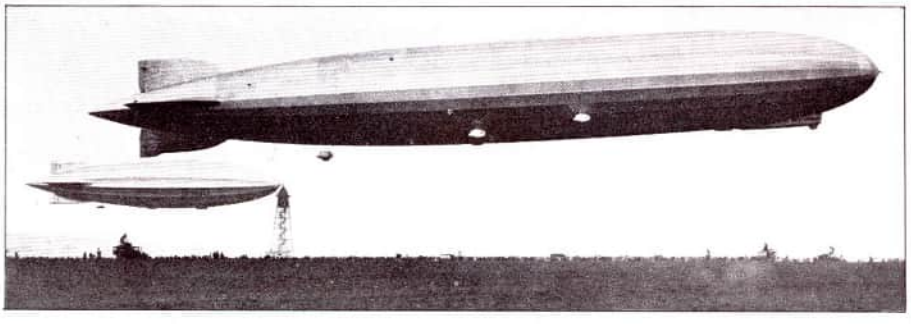
The airship's epitaph as a passenger carrier is found in the terse comment of a veteran KLM pilot, Captain Ivan Smirnoff: 'Too slow; too dear; too unmanageable.'

In 1939 only Goodyear in America was persevering with a few small ships, using them for aerial advertising and pleasure flights. The war brought the airship renewed temporary lease of life. Goodyear built 130 of the 251-foot long K-class for US Navy anti-submarine patrol and convoy escort work. These and other Goodyear ships accounted for a number of German submarines and only one was lost.

After the war several new designs were produced, fitted with top-secret radar for anti-submarine and airborne early-warning duties.

Goodyear continues to build ships for advertising and entertainment purposes. The latest, Europa, built at Cardington was launched recently and wrecked shortly after.

It hardly looks like the beginning of an airship revival in this country.



The Graf Zeppelin, which made a remarkable round-the-world flight in the summer of 1929.

Roll on

continued from page 58

to restore decency but only provided the remaining necessary stimulus to effect climax. Amidst embarrassing orgasmic grunts and whistling sighs – the lady must have gained some enjoyment too, he mused – Timothy introduced himself.

'Lady Marion FitzWalter, you are the prisoner of Robin Hood. I am at your service my lady,' he said in his best Errol Flynn and attempted a bow.

The lady was not impressed. 'Wolfsbane,' she spat. 'Murdering pig.' And added a string of four letter Anglo Saxon epithets that Timothy knew would stand the test of time for at least another eight hundred years.

Little John butted in. 'The time Robin, the time. We've got to get clear before anyone comes.'

Timothy agreed and started issuing orders at an amazing speed for a shipping clerk. 'Olaf take the lady and guard her carefully and keep your hands from up her skirt. Agemund make sure the wagon is stripped and get the boxes away. Leofric get off the wench and put your clothes on – you are scaring the horses. Hurry lads, gather up quickly. We must away before a stray forester brings the sheriff's men.

Within minutes the band was ready and moved off into the woods with booty and prisoners. Timothy turned briefly to look back at the massacre.

'Bloody roll on,' he murmured.

The camp was a mess, but the men didn't seem to mind. Makeshift lean-tos and draped bales of stolen cloth provided housing of sorts around a dirty trampled clearing across the middle of which lay a large tree trunk. Half a dozen other men, some bandaged and limping, and three or four sluttish women gathered round when they arrived.

The men became loud and boastful. The two ladies-in-waiting were already being passed around in a jocular fashion and were losing more and more of their clothing under the groping and grabbing hands of the crowd. Ale and cider was broken out and the two ladies' cries were drowned in the general happy hubbub.

Someone started singing a robust country song as one of the ladies, now naked, was lifted onto the tree trunk and the first outlaw climbed up. He exposed himself to cheers and then got swiftly down to business.

Before he had finished the second lady had been spread eagled face down over the trunk and was also being used. Jostling, cheery queues formed and the clearing rang with laughter.

'Well they're merry enough now,' Timothy said to himself as he stood beside the horse of Lady Marion. He looked up hesitantly, expecting to see her shocked, frightened and near to hysterics. Instead she was flushed, her eyes sharp and her breath heavy. Her tongue peeked out to moisten her lips and she whispered longingly, 'You wouldn't dare do that to me. Would you?'

Roll on, Timothy thought. Maid Marion's a nympho.

Despite all his civilised instincts the

debauchery in the clearing hit home at Timothy. During the march back to camp the prospect of three female prisoners at the mercy of a gang of cut throats had brought a familiar old tingle to the pit of his stomach. He had tried to keep it to the back of his mind but the gang-bang happening in front of him and Lady Marion's hot breath on his neck could not be ignored.

His mouth was dry and he had to swallow twice before he could say, 'Lady Marion, get off your horse.' She slid off speedily and taking her arm he hurried her from the clearing and through the surrounding undergrowth. He stopped her in the shade of a large bush and they faced each other for long seconds whilst he struggled for words. At last they came in a croak. 'Gerrem off.'

Marion tore open her bodice and dropped to the ground. 'Do anything, but spare my life,' she begged theatrically.

Timothy dropped his tights and did.

After the second time he became aware of her bad breath. And her insatiable demands began to irritate him. He was making manly efforts for the third time whilst trying to avoid the stale air from her mouth when Little John found him.

'Here he is the sly fox,' he called to a companion crashing through the bushes behind him. 'I told you he'd save her for us.'

Then the big man leant over the entwined couple and said, 'Come on Robin, you've had enough for now. Make way for fresh meat,' and lifted Timothy clean out and off.

Marion's eyes shone brighter than ever at the sight of Little John dropping his accoutrements and Timothy sat back tired and relieved at discovery and wondered at the folly of his lieutenant's baptism.

Little John plunged in with glee and Marion's feigned cry of horror changed to delight and then to amazement as she gazed over the big man's shoulder.

Timothy turned and shook his head in disbelief as a fat and heavy figure in a long brown cassock appeared from the bushes.

'Hello Robin,' Friar Tuck panted. 'I came as quick as I could when John told me of the prettiness of the wench.'

At last the evening came and dusk shaded the embers of the lust that still glowed dimly in quiet corners of the tired outlaw camp. A disillusioned Timothy sat with Alan A'Dale and threw small stones at a larger stone six feet away. He kept missing. Alan spoke softly and understandingly. 'You haven't enjoyed today Robin, have you?'

Timothy shook his head. The bloodshed and rape and his own cameo part with the nymphomanic Lady Marion had left him limp with distaste.

'It isn't your nature, you know. I keep telling you but you always seem to have this need to prove yourself,' Alan said.

They sat in comfortable silence for a while and then the minstrel picked up his lute and said, 'Come Robin, you need a walk to clear your senses.'

Timothy got up and wandered in his wake. He didn't take much notice of where they went until they stood on the bank of a pleasant stream that gurgled and sparkled in the moonlight.

The water was inviting and reminded Timothy of how much he itched with sweat and Alan laughingly suggested he should wash his cares away. Together they stripped and stepped into the stream, the stones round and hard beneath their feet. Alan had soon had enough and splashed back to the bank where he lay and idly plucked a gentle tune on his delicate instrument.

Timothy waded into a deeper pool and let his fears seep away in the balming water. He went back to the shallows and sat in the stream, legs apart and arms bracing himself against the current, and allowed the water to play coolly about his limbs. He looked up through the overhanging trees to the stars in the velvet night sky, listened to the calming lute tune and was aware of the compensations of an outlaw's life.

He left the stream when the night air started to chill him, lay on the grassy bank and shared a cloak with Alan. He closed his eyes and rolled on his side, warm and comfortable, and only half listened to the minstrel's talk.

And then words and phrases began to penetrate his doze.

'I know you don't like this life . . . it tortures your gentle spirit . . . and you know how much it hurts me when you prove yourself with women . . . I know it means nothing, just a gesture for manhood . . . but you don't have to prove anything to me Robin, you know that. You're man enough for both of us. And you know how much I love you Robin.'

Alan sniffed quietly, overcome with emotion and Timothy was suddenly aware that they were both naked under the cloak.

'Oh Robin, our love was so good in the past. It could be so again. Just give me the word,' he pleaded.

Timothy's brain reeled. Robin Hood a fairy queen?

'Bloody roll on,' he exclaimed, and Alan did with a grateful sigh.

'Oh Robin, I knew it wasn't over between us,' Timothy heard him sob as he was pushed face down in the grass and flattened by ardent male flesh.

And then, thankfully, blankness came.

Timothy drifted for a long time in the emptiness before eventually surfacing in his room in Ilford with his alarm clock bouncing up and down on the bedside table. He found the alarm bell dazedly and depressed it with a shaking hand. He lay in bed, warm, snug and safe and then the memories came rushing in. He opened only one eye at first, half fearful that he might be sharing his bed with a male drunk from the night before. He was relieved to discover he was its only occupant.

He got up and took stock of his room. Everything was as it should be. No dead Norman soldiers lurking under the bed, no bearded outlaws or raving dolly maidens in the wardrobe.

He scratched his head and allowed himself a blasphemy. 'What a dream,' he told the doorpost. 'What a dream.'

He washed and dressed and left on time for the office, amazingly without a hangover, and pushed nagging doubts out of the window when he saw the suburban terracing of Ilford.

It was a week later when the itching at his genitals and his scalp and his persistent sniff sent him to his doctor. The soreness in another intimate part of his anatomy he refused to think about.

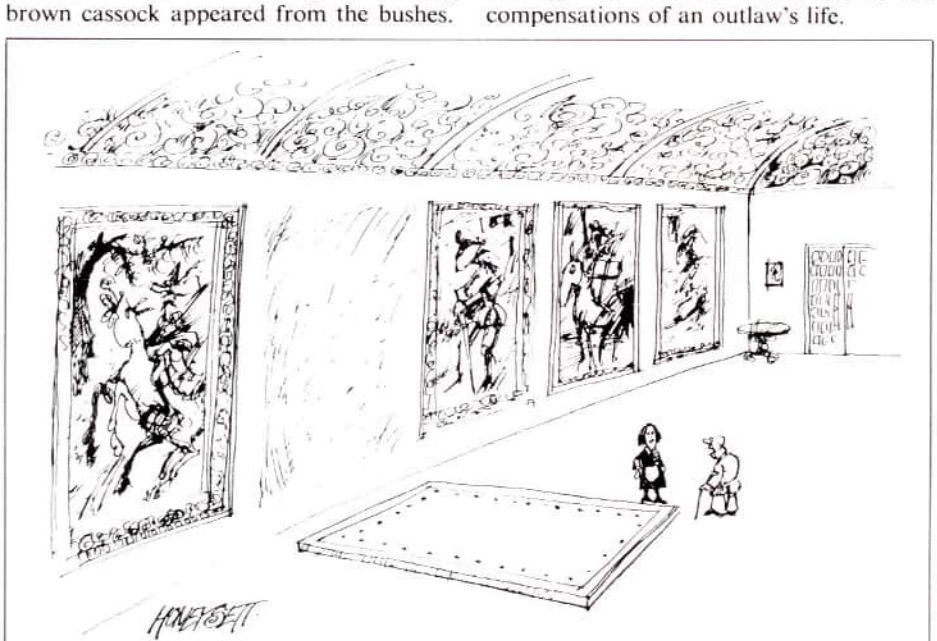
His stomach turned to lead as he watched the doctor's face after the most thorough medical check-up he had ever had.

'Well doctor?' he asked.

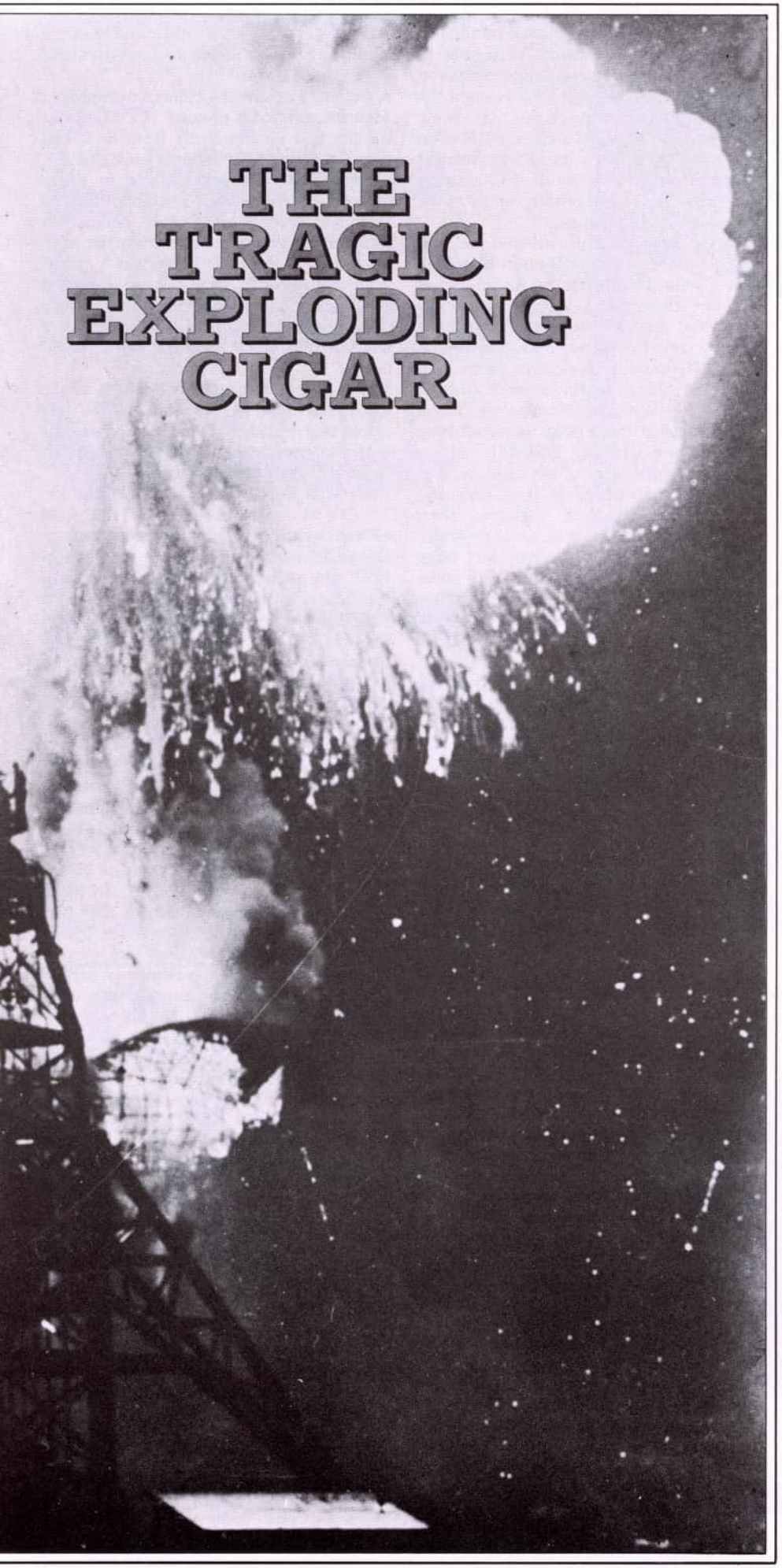
The doctor chewed the end of his spectacles with distaste.

'Hmmm,' he said. 'I can give you an ointment for the nits in your hair, injections for your venereal disease and pills for your cold.'

He looked hard at Timothy and frowned. 'But, Mr West, I'm afraid I can't cure homosexuality on the National Health.'



'Run along and tell Halskin to bring a hammer and a nail up here will you?'



THE TRAGIC EXPLODING CIGAR

In May 1937 the airship Hindenburg exploded in flames as it approached its mooring mast, killing 35 people and a great idea — that of airships as a means of transport

by Ian Penn

Hopes for the airship as a serious mode of transportation went up in flames with the Hindenburg in 1937.

Amid a severe thunderstorm one May evening, the monstrous silver LZ 129, over 800 feet long, nudged towards the end of her first trans-atlantic crossing of the season. On board: 39 passengers and a crew of 61. Having crossed the ocean from Frankfurt-am-Main, she cruised around a mooring mast at New Jersey's Lakehurst naval air station, just prior to dropping her lines to the ground crew. The great ship neared her final turn into the wind. The landing party made ready to secure the mooring lines. Then disaster struck.

The Hindenburg burst into flames. She was ablaze from stem to stern, reduced within minutes to a vast smouldering wreck. Thirty-five people died. The cause: in the thunderous conditions a static electrical discharge had ignited the highly inflammable hydrogen.

A disaster so spectacular and so grisly is hard to live down and only recently has the airship concept once again been granted the serious consideration really its due.

The father of the modern airship was Lieutenant Meusnier of the French army's Corps of Engineers. He it was who realised that in order to steer a course from A to B and be independent of the winds a balloon would have to be cylindrical rather than spherical. His design study of 1784 for a 260-foot long dirigible had most of the salient features that were later to become associated with the airship, including a car for the crew suspended underneath, a horizontal fin for longitudinal control and three airscrews to be operated by hand.

Airship design became an attraction for would-be inventors during the early part of the nineteenth century and among the more fascinating but impractical schemes were two airships built by Count Lennox, a French infantry colonel of Scottish ancestry, in 1834–35. The second of the two, 160 feet long, was intended to establish 'a direct communication between the capitals of Europe.' This intention was somewhat optimistic in that the ship's eight large paddle-shaped flaps, modelled on the fins of a fish – four on each side of the envelope –

The Hindenburg in flames. A tragedy that virtually sealed the fate of the airship.

were to be driven, through cords and chains, by manual power. For the crew of seventeen the London-Paris run would have been somewhat comparable to rowing the Atlantic, one imagines. It made some money for its inventor when it was put on show in London, but never actually flew. The first Lennox airship – or what remained of it after the gas bag escaped and burst on its first ascent – was destroyed by an angry crowd.

By the turn of the century suitable power sources were available for the airship, in the form of the internal combustion engine, the steam engine and even the electric motor, all of which were used in various dirigibles.

Curiously, the man whose name more than any other came to be associated with the big, rigid airship was neither an inventor nor a pilot first and foremost. As an outwardly conventional member of the nineteenth century German officer class, he seems an unlikely figure in the gallery of innovators.

Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin had been greatly impressed on a visit to America by the use of free balloons during the American Civil War and during the siege of Paris in 1870. He tried to interest the German government in the military potential of the airship, but while in the army his hopes had to remain unrealised – because of the pressure of military duties, aside from the fact that espousal of such a seemingly hopeless cause as the airship might have jeopardised his career prospects. As he stated in a letter to the Chief of Staff, he did not wish 'to be looked upon, even temporarily, as a candidate for a lunatic asylum.'

With his retirement from the army, however, Zeppelin was able to devote all his time to the airship, the first design for which was completed in 1894. What with difficulties in raising cash from government and industry, it was six years before the ship actually flew. This first design had some structural weakness and needed more power. A second ship was built five years later, mainly with the financial backing of the Duke of Württemburg, but it was wrecked in a gale. A third airship followed in 1906. It was sufficiently successful to arouse government interest and it was soon followed by a fourth ship which caught the German public's imagination by being flown over the Alps and along the Rhine on its maiden flight. This vessel was wrecked after making a forced landing in a storm and getting blown out of the control of the emergency landing party.

By now Zeppelin had proved that the rigid airship could be a practical proposition. He made a second public appeal for funds and this time there was none of the apathy which had marked his first appeal some years earlier – he received about six million marks. The money was placed in trust to found the 'Zeppelin Endowment for the Propagation of Airship Navigation,' which later controlled the airship manufacturing and operating company, DELAG.

Zeppelin's ships were of the rigid variety, relying on a structure of transverse and longitudinal frames to maintain their shape. He realised this was the only worthwhile form of construction for large airships carrying a big payload. For some time, however – because most other ships were smaller – most designs were 'non-rigid' or 'semi-rigid', gas pressure alone giving the ship its shape.

Probably the best known exponent of the non-rigid airship at the turn of the century was Alberto Santos-Dumont, son of a wealthy Brazilian coffee planter who had come to Paris in 1891 to study the automobile. This fashionable young man-about-town got his first dirigible into the air in 1898. Weighing about sixty pounds, it was powered by two small motors which gave 3½ horsepower. Santos-Dumont was probably the first man to put the internal combustion engine to practical use for aerial propulsion, some five years before the Wright brothers. His wealth enabled him to build no fewer than fourteen small airships in all.

He gives a rather charming account of how on one occasion he flew one of his airships to his house at the corner of the Champs Elysees and the rue Washington 'where two servants caught, steadied and held the airship while I mounted to my apartment for a cup of coffee.'

A wealthy Frenchman, Henri Deutshe de la Meurthe, offered a prize of 125,000 francs for the first airship to fly from St Cloud round the Eiffel Tower and back – a distance of about seven miles – in thirty minutes. After several attempts, Santos-Dumont accomplished this circuit on October 19 1901 seconds within the half-hour to win the prize. This was a major achievement for the time because it showed how, given adequate power, an airship could be navigated in a way in which a balloon, dependent upon the winds, could not.

Santos-Dumont combined his love of the mechanical with a romantic outlook. He committed suicide in 1932 out of despair at his countrymen's use of aircraft against themselves in a civil war.

Meanwhile Zeppelin was proceeding apace. Though not the inventor of the rigid airship – another German by the name of David Schwarz had built the first one in 1897 – by sheer perseverance and force of personality he made the large rigid ship a practical mode of transport as well as a weapon of war, almost exhausting his personal fortune in the early years to do so. With adequate financial backing, he never looked back. Between 1900 and 1918 he had 113 ships built.

The company he founded, DELAG – short for Die Deutsche Luftschiffart Aktien Gesellschaft – began business on October 16 1909 in conjunction with the Hamburg-Amerika shipping line. To this firm belongs the distinction of operating the world's first scheduled passenger air service of any kind – and before World War I. A fleet of six airships was initially built for DELAG. Two were wrecked before starting operations and a third after going into service. But in spite of this the company carried more than 35,000 passengers over some 17,000 miles without a single passenger injury over a four-year period – a remarkable achievement for a new and potentially dangerous means of travel.

Between March 1912 and November 1913 DELAG made 881 flights – an average of more than one a day – covered over 65,000 miles and carried over 19,000 passengers, all in conditions of luxury and spaciousness the aeroplanes of the period simply could not match. It is worth remembering that when the first plane passenger services started in the 1920s customers had to sit well wrapped-up against the cold in small coffin-like cabins or, sometimes, open cockpits.

The three main DELAG airships were the Hansa, the Sachsen and the Viktoria-Luise. Carrying up to 25 passengers in their 'backbone,' they were nearly 500 feet long and capable of speeds up to 50 mph. Many DELAG flights were excursions but many others were regular scheduled services run to a timetable around a circular route beginning and ending at the port of Hamburg. They linked Berlin, Leipzig,

turn to page 34

The British airship R34, which in 1919 made the first transatlantic crossing by airship.

The tragic exploding cigar

continued from page 32

Gotha, Friedrichshafen, Baden-Baden, Frankfurt and Dusseldorf. The Great War put a stop to DELAG'S operations, but in August 1919 it began a regular service between Friedrichshafen and Berlin with the airship Bodensee. This demonstrated not only regularity but the ability to operate in winter conditions, something the new aeroplane services could not always do.

Governments began to take a growing interest in the military possibilities of airships in the years up to 1914; airship development became increasingly military in emphasis. During World War I they were used for reconnaissance and scouting for the fleet, anti-submarine patrol and convoy escort, observation and a certain amount of bombing. Zeppelins made about fifty bombing raids on England, often in fleets of ten or a dozen, but their size and slowness made them all too vulnerable to the incendiary bullets of British fighters. Their real effect was probably psychological rather than military. 'Don't let a Zeppelin catch you in curlers,' sternly admonished an advertisement in *The Lady* in 1915 for natural wavy hair.

British airship development prior to 1914 had been on a more modest scale than Germany's and military interest was slower to materialise. British efforts in the early days were concentrated on the smaller types. The first British rigid airship, built for the Admiralty at Barrow-in-Furness in 1909, was nicknamed 'Mayfly' – because, as one wag put it, 'it may fly and it may not.' It didn't – breaking ignominiously in two parts while being brought out of its shed. The smaller non-rigid ships were more successful. About 150 of the SS (Sea Scout) type were built for coastal patrol and convoy escort from 1915 onwards. They had a high degree of manoeuvrability – as was demonstrated on one occasion when a crew member dropped his cap overboard. The airship turned round, descended to sea level and the cap was fished out. These SS ships were known as 'blimps,' a name popularly supposed to have been coined by an officer from the sound made when he clicked his fingers against the ship's fabric. In 1916 the NS (North Sea) non-rigid airship made its appearance, probably the best of its kind ever to be built. With a crew of ten and 262 feet long, in 1919 one of these ships set up a record of 101 hours in the air, during which it flew over 4,000 miles.

British rigid airship development had to rely to a great extent on Zeppelin design data. The last two of the war period, R33 and R34, were in fact based on the so-called super Zeppelins, one of which – L33– had been shot down over Essex in September 1916. The wreckage provided invaluable design data, a fact evidently realised by the crew, who tried to set their ship on fire before being captured.

The R34 made history in 1919 by making the first Atlantic crossing by airship. She left East Fortune, Scotland, on July 2 under the command of Major G. H. Scott with a crew of thirty. She arrived at Long Island four days later and made the journey back in three days. The trip was also notable in that on the journey out a stowaway was found on board – surely the first in aviation's history. At one point the water jacket on one of the engines cracked, causing some anxiety, as one might expect. The engineer's solution? He got everyone to chew gum until a sufficient quantity had been obtained with which to fix a copper sheet over the crack.

The R101, which crashed on its maiden voyage, killed off the British airship programme.

Late in 1925 R33 was chosen to investigate further the concept of having fighters slung under an airship to defend it over enemy territory. A trapeze was fitted to the ship and a steel guard and hook fitted above the cockpit of a de Havilland Humming Bird monoplane. To fly off the trapeze was a relatively simple business – even though the pilot had to climb down the trapeze and into the cockpit at 4,000 feet, a procedure calling for some nerve and a cool head for heights. Flying *on* to the trapeze was another matter altogether. On the first attempt the plane's airscrew was broken, the pilot managing to escape by making a forced landing.

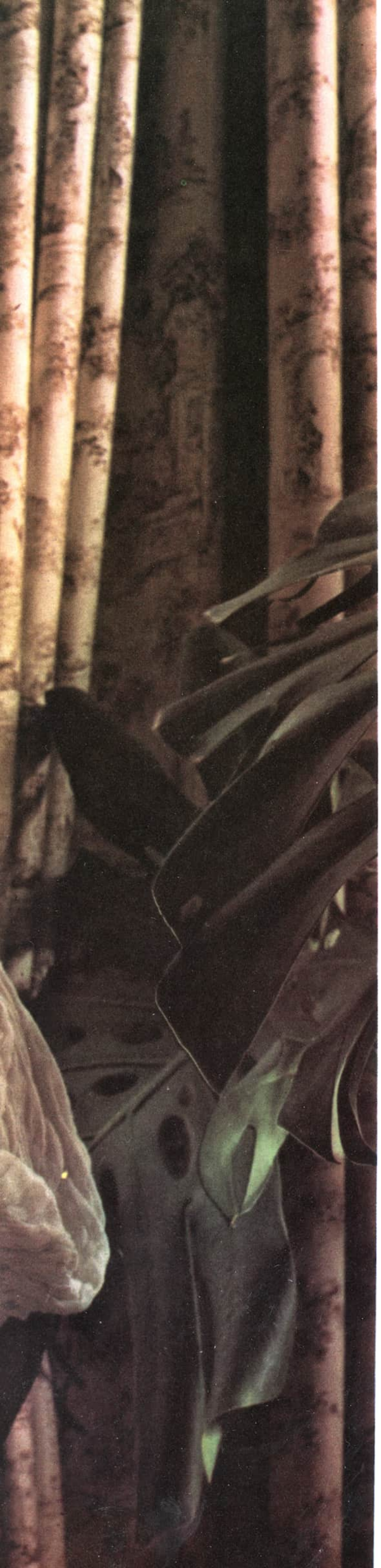
In America, however, Curtiss Sparrowhawk biplanes were successfully operated from trapezes under the rigid airships Akron and Macon. Each ship carried five fighters on a single trapeze. The Akron was finally lost at sea in 1933 and the Macon destroyed in 1935. Fourteen people on board the US rigid Shenandoah were killed in 1925 when the ship broke in three in a violent squall over Ohio. Captain and 27 crew made a remarkable escape – the forward section descended safely to earth as a free balloon after the control car had parted from it, landing some twelve miles away with the shaken survivors.

The last two British ships of any size, the R100 and the R101, made their appearance in 1929. The latter had 26 double-berth cabins, a main saloon and a dining room seating fifty. The R100 was designed to carry 100 passengers and ten tons of mail on three decks. On the middle deck was a 56-seat dining saloon with a promenade deck each side and, just like an ocean liner, a divided staircase led from here to a lounge in the form of a gallery above the dining saloon, complete with balconies on either side.

The R100 made a successful return flight to Canada. A short time later, in October 1930, the R101 left Cardington, Bedfordshire, on an ill-fated maiden voyage to India, to explore a commercial airship route. On board were a number of distinguished passengers, including the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Thomson, and Sir Sefton Brancker, the Director of Civil Aviation. Near Beauvais in France a gas leak developed and the ship crashed, killing all but six of the crew. The financial stringency of the times and high accident rate which had come to be associated with the airship had already caused the British airship programme to straggle. The R101 disaster signed its death warrant.

Only two years earlier, in 1928, the Germans had launched the first of the great rigid airships, the Graf Zeppelin. Powered by five 530 hp Maybach engines, she was 772 feet long and 100 feet in diameter. Up to 24 passengers on long-haul flights or 35 on shorter cruises could be accommodated in a spaciousness not even matched by today's jumbo jets. For air transport, it was the Age of Elegance: instead of little plastic trays of pre-cooked food there was a dining room with white-coated stewards unobtrusively giving individual service. There was a passenger saloon and ten two-berth sleeping compartments. One could take a stroll just like on a ship and view the ground through observation windows or – again, like on a liner – retire to the writing room to pen a letter to a friend. All this at a time when airliners like the Douglas DC-3 or Handley Page HP 42 Hannibal gave

turn to page 75



PAULA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EUGENE FINKEI

Age means a lot to most girls. Too often a girl feels that life, whether she's got her panties on or not, is finished soon after 21. Not so with Paula Darrington. One look at her confident but provocative stance will tell you that this twenty-eight-year-old knows what is appreciated by a man. On first meeting Paula you might be alarmed by those far-away eyes and slightly parted lips, but then you realise you are face to face with a girl who is fully aware of what she's got and what it can do to you. 'Yes, I used to think I'd be finished after 21,' says Paula. 'But I was a crazy little sixteen-year-old at the time and I soon grew out of it.' It's difficult to believe that Paula was ever crazy, sixteen or little as she rests her amply developed five-feet-eight-inches of female form on the garden wall, and cocks up one leg in a way that says, 'I gave up false modesty long ago.' Those few first seconds in her presence soon warn you not to bother with all those silly opening lines that we all use on those cute little dolly-birds with their pouting lips and bulging breasts. If Paula wants you then relax. She has a way of showing exactly what she wants and making sure that you can't refuse. Paula came to terms with her undulating 39–24–36 advantages at an age when most girls are trying to slim and wondering if they should be lying about their age. And at 28 she says, 'I haven't looked back since.'

Paula's varied background is the other reason for that disarming confidence, although she does have her zany carefree side. She describes herself as having been born and reared fairly comfortably in Oxford. 'I was sent to all the right schools and put on the right track, but I could see my whole life set out before me. It was terrible,' she'll tell you. So Paula, the girl who knows what she wants and always gets it, opted out, trained as a secretary for 'something to fall back on,' and took off to the continent to do some modelling. 'I like doing anything from waitressing to acting. I never was a die-hard career girl pushing for success,' she says.

You could say that having a good time and enjoying life is Paula's career. She's an open minded girl who is old enough to know the advantages of camiknickers but still young enough to make any man beg to be allowed to open those little buttons at the front. 'I've learnt a lot about what turns on various men,' she says. 'Some like a girl to take off everything and leap into bed. Others like to undress her themselves. Some like particular articles of clothing to be left on.' Paula says she doesn't mind. It's not difficult to imagine her saying, as she slowly undresses you, 'If I like a man, I'll do anything.' But she'll probably say nothing, other than those little grunts and sighs that show a girl is enjoying herself. Paula is a liberated woman in the true sense of the word. As she puts it, 'I go bra-less because I like to see a man turned on. I don't feel I have to prove anything any more.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PAULA DARRINGTON

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PAULA DARRINGTON

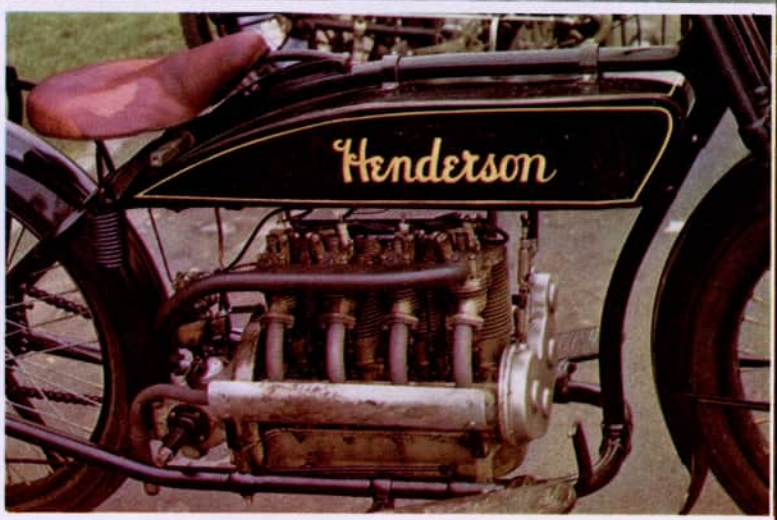
TWO WHEELED WONDERS

Early motorcycles have a spider frailty unique among motorised veterans

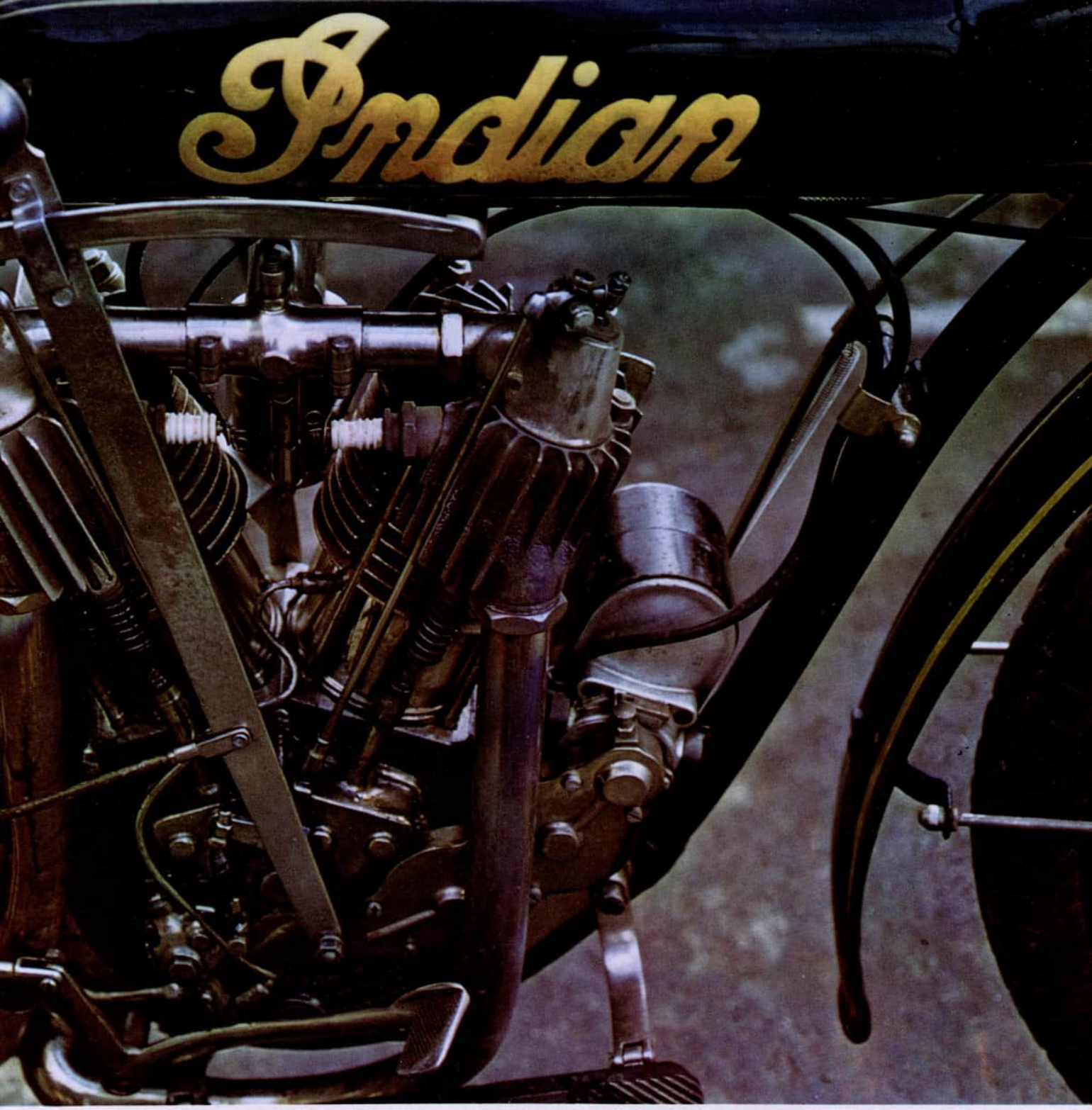
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The sleepy peace of the perpetual Edwardian summer looked as though it would last forever. But the quiet was shattered by an invention that would play an enormous part in the century just beginning – the internal combustion engine. The peace of those days in the early 1900's was increasingly disturbed by strange machines which frightened both horses and pedestrians. Since the petrol engine's introduction towards the end of the last century dozens of enterprising engineers had set up shop. They turned out a wealth of differing designs, reflecting their inventors' dreams of the new age just beginning.

The early motor cars are well known to us. Names like Ford and Renault have not stopped production for over 60 years. But in their own way the motorcycles of those early days hold a greater fascination. The names of Zenith, Henderson or Calthorpe are now known to only a few. They all stopped production at different times as the independent engineer was ousted by the cost-



Above: One of the most famous veterans – a 500 cc Rudge made in 1911. Rudge made machines which dominated TT Races for years with a team including ace Rider Graham Walker. Top right: a capacity of close on a litre and superb engineering and design made the American Indian the fastest thing on two wheels. Right: three once-popular makes doomed to extinction – the American Henderson four-cylinder, the Zenith whose Jap engine earned it the World Speed Record for a while, and the Wooler single-cylinder two-stroke whose torpedo-shaped tank brought the nickname 'Flying Banana'.


Indian

ZENITH
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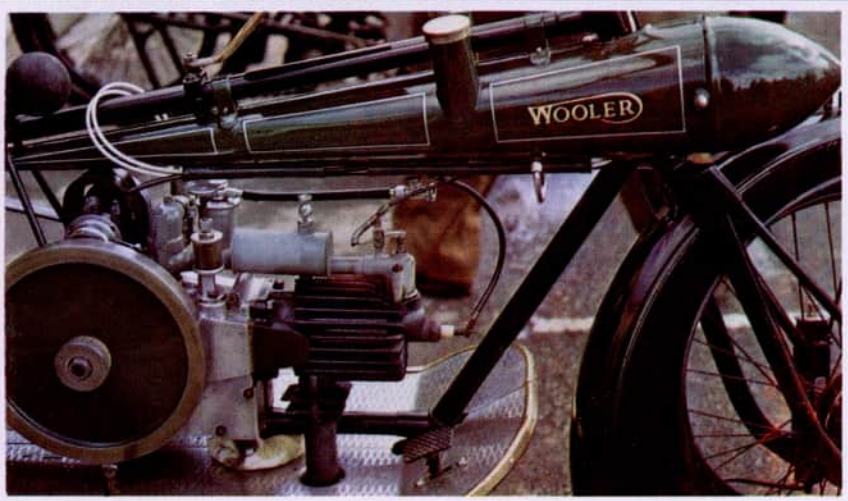
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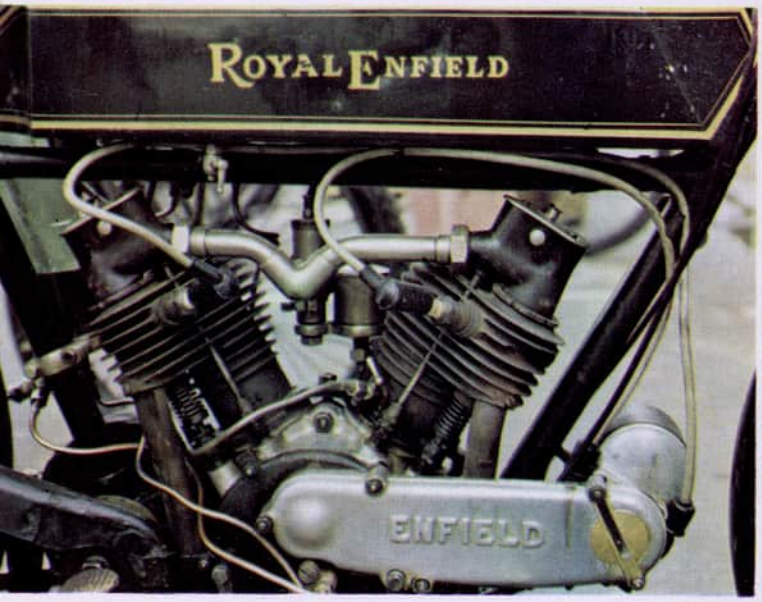
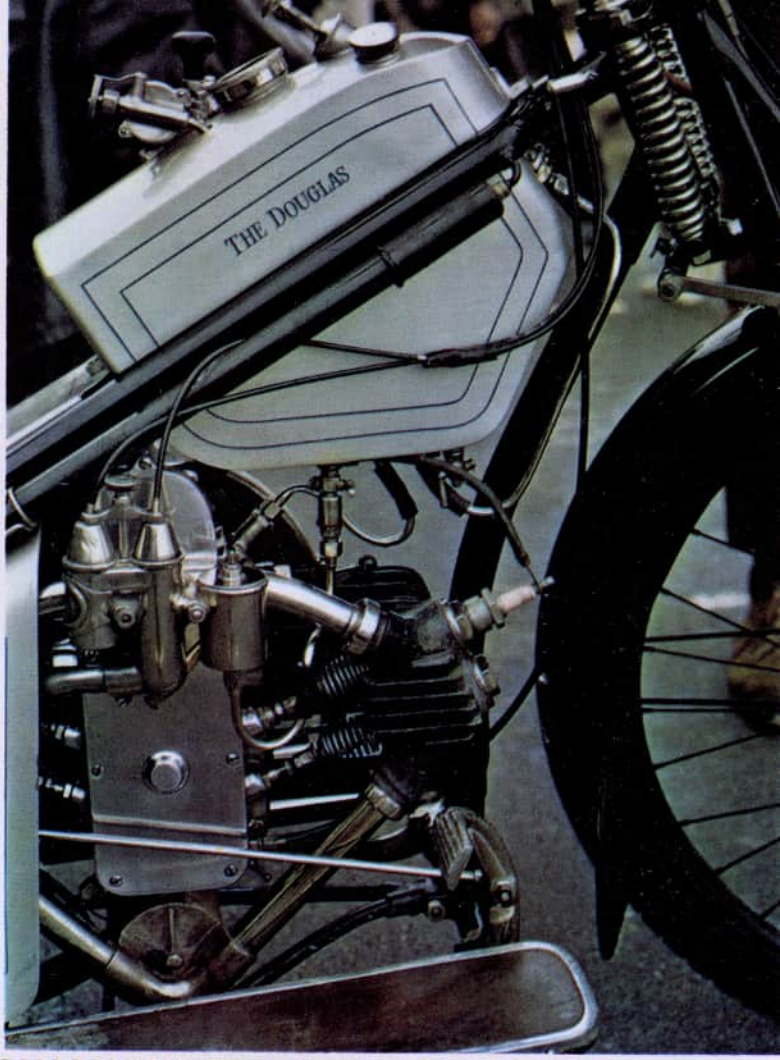
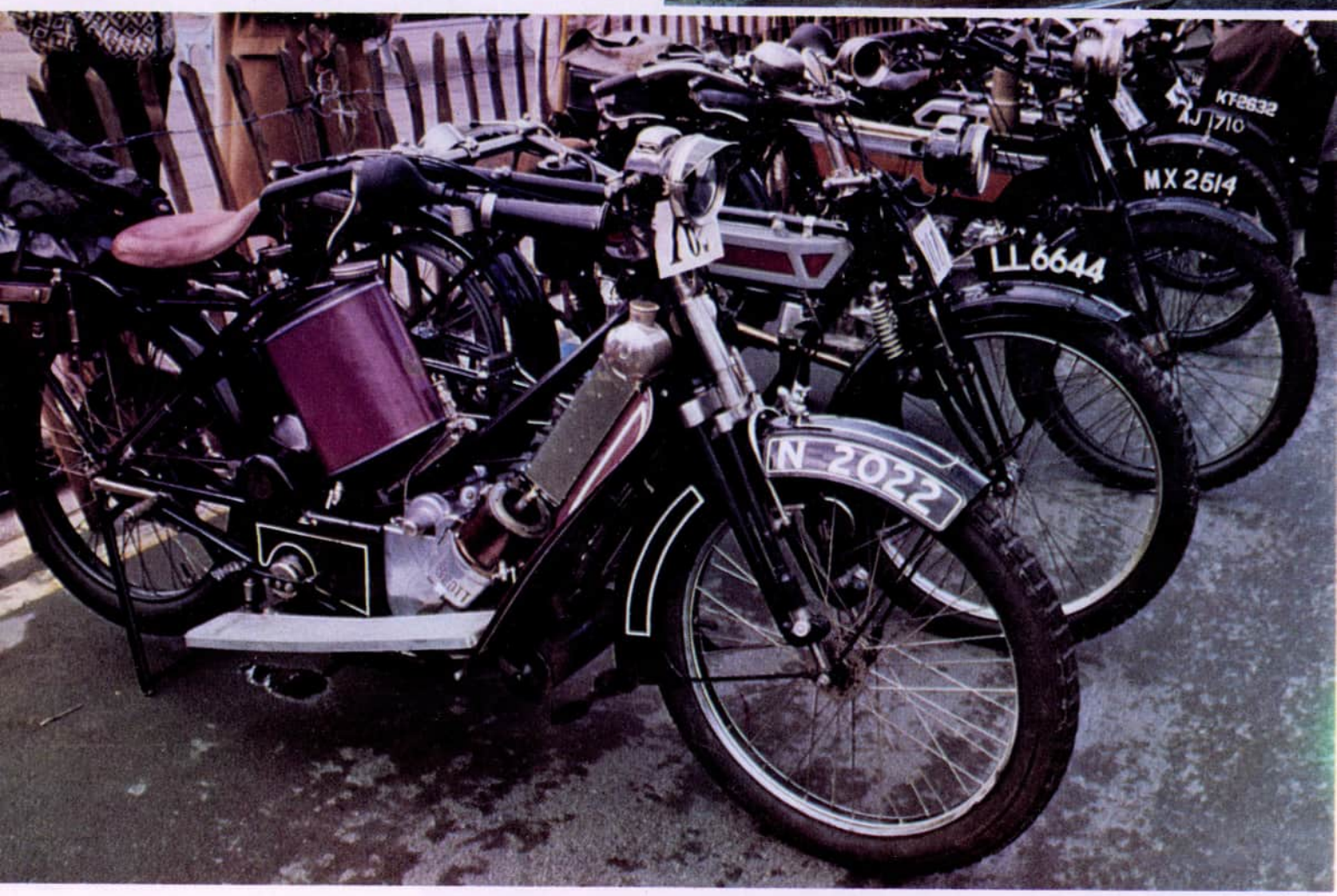




Above: Royal Enfields have always been popular with sidecar drivers because of their power and reliability. The company is one of the few which has survived from the early 1900s to the present day. Near right: Douglas machines made a name for themselves on the speedway circuits – the flat twins having an excellent power to weight ratio. Below and opposite: Scotts, with their distinctive square radiators, utilised a two-stroke design which remained basically unchanged for over 50 years. Opposite page: a wealth of lovingly restored brass, chrome and even wickerwork on display at Brighton.



conscious giants of mass-production.

Fortunately for us, although many manufacturers ceased production 30 or 40 years ago, some of their work has been preserved.

Found rotting and rusting in barns garages and scrapyards some of those two-wheeled wonders have been lovingly restored to their original condition. Some have not worked for up to 60 years, but each part has been cleaned or copied until the machines are fit to take to the roads again.

Each year dozens of these machines are proudly paraded on an annual run from Epsom to Brighton. Organised by the Sunbeam Motorcycle Club, the Pioneer Run has been an annual event since it was first held in 1930.

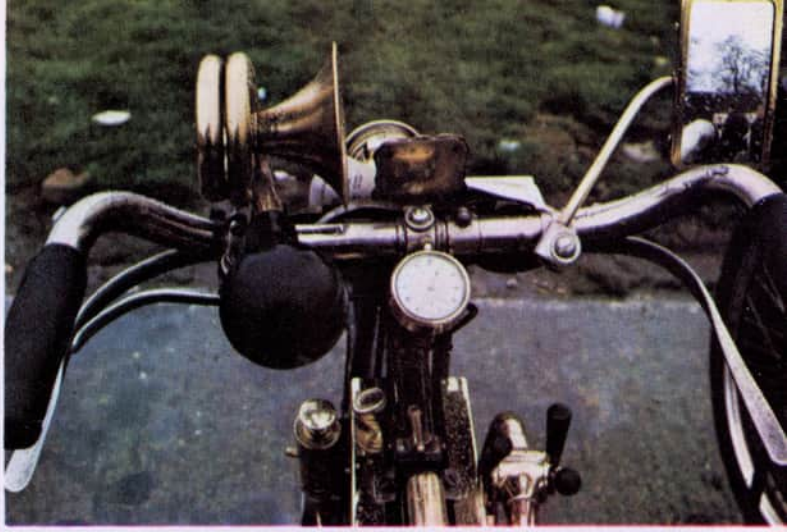
This event is not a race. It is a rather sedate procession of examples of the motorcycle industry's earliest products, both in Britain and elsewhere. To check on the authenticity and the originality of each machine, a Pioneer Register, currently numbering 500, is kept by the Sunbeam M.C.C. and the Association of Pioneer Motorcyclists. Only machines accepted for the Register can be entered for the event.

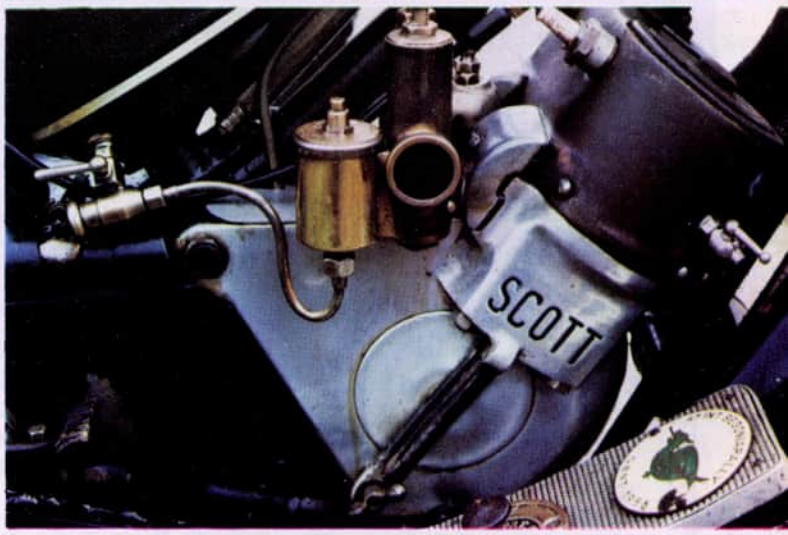
Each driver's aim is to drive at the prescribed speed (either 12, 20 or 24 mph) and arrive at Brighton within the time allowed to qualify for a Pioneer Run plaque. Other arrivals receive a finisher's award, and all drivers also receive a pennant from Brighton Corporation.

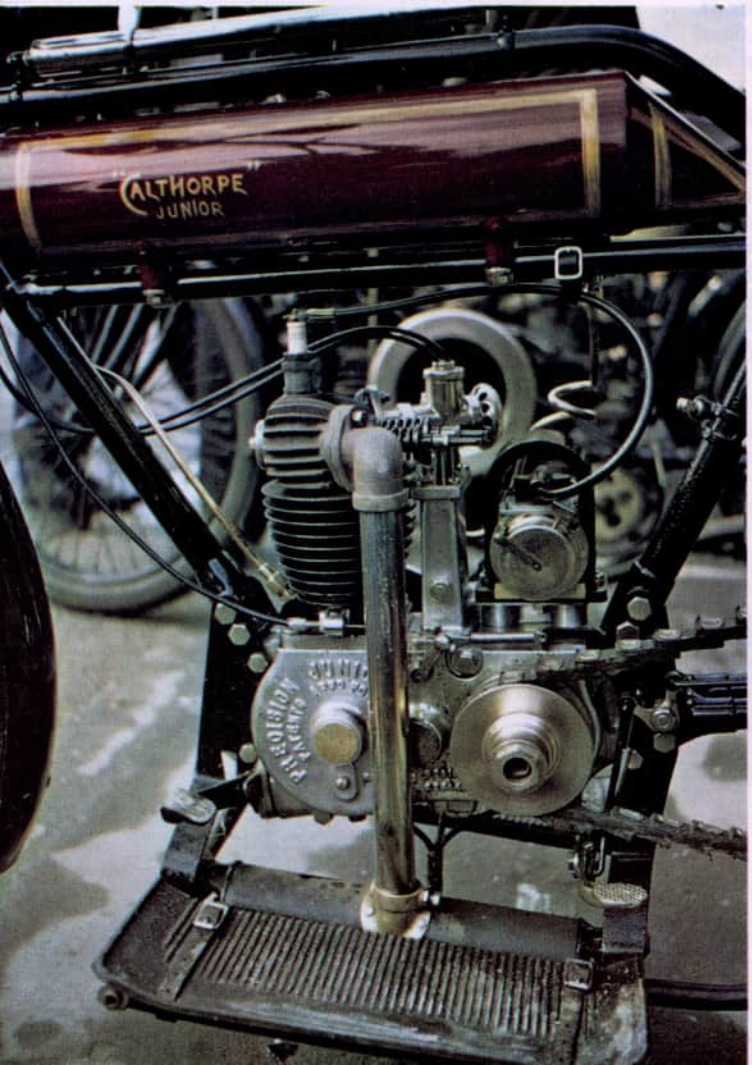
There are also other awards for the driver whose age added to that of his machine is the highest, and for the best performance by a lady driver, and the best team performance in each of the three classes.

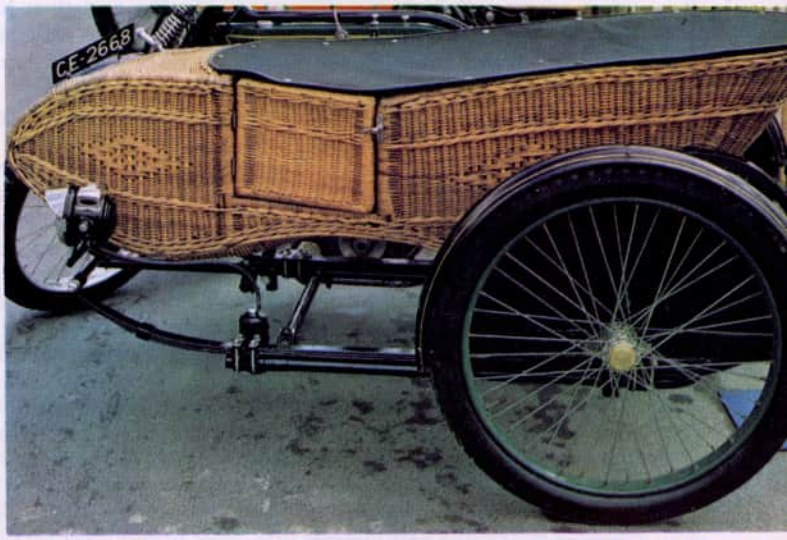
The run attracts famous names in the motorcycling world. In recent years, entrants have included John Surtees and Derek Minter of present fame, and older stars such as TT rider Jock West and pre-war champion Graham Walker. Commentator Peter Dimmock and Lord Montague of Beaulieu – with six machines from his museum – also took part this year.

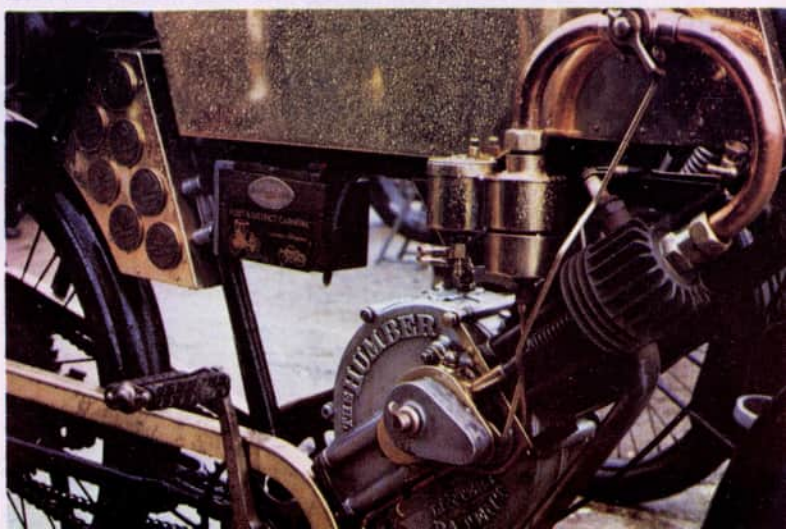
Most of the machines too were famous in their day – even if many have now been largely forgotten except by their loving owners.











The twelve best lines

After having a fair share of sand kicked in his face, Nevile Player gives

The great advantage chatting up dolly birds on beaches has over all other forms of entertainment is the small amount of snicker-snack and oops-sorry needed before you can get down to the ooh-ahh back in your hotel room, or even among the sand dunes if its that kind of beach and the girl is the outdoor type.

And if she is, the great advantage of sand dunes is not the way the spiky grass tickles her bottom as you slide down the slope into a cosy little hollow, but the way they shield you from prying beach photographers and the jealous eyes of all those other men who might have beaten you to it had you waited another five minutes.

But despite the obvious availability of female talent and places to exercise it, thousands of less fortunate fellows with their minds on their matter will not be getting the matter off their minds this summer.

I know it. I've suffered long and often from the Great British Lack, myself. Or I did until I met the Danish au pair on Brighton beach several summers ago. She sat alone and plainly showing, her thighs crooked at the knee and twenty men staring at the transparent knickers beneath her skirt. She looked lost and bewildered.

She was so beautiful I had nothing to lose and knowing I'd never pick her up in a month of wet mackerel I said the first thing that came into my head: 'You look lost.' (The first of the twelve best lines in the business. It's simple, but make sure it's appropriate.)

'I am,' she said.

So bewildered was I that she'd deigned to reply I came word-wise off the cuff again: 'So am I. Did you know that two can get lost as easily as one?'

She laughed as I sat down beside her and later in her hotel bedroom we discovered we weren't lost at all.

At last I'd found the key to it all. For days I went around telling chicks they looked lost. The answers ranged from the obvious to the unprintable.

So *the first rule* for chatting up dollies on beaches becomes: Use a line that fits with the surroundings and the girl's situation.

So, you're on the beach. Around you in every direction the dollies sunbathe, big, small, medium, fair-to-middling and good grief look at that pair.

All that lies between you and 'Darling that was wonderful, let's do it again' are a lot of skimpy little bikinis. And among all this juicy young stuff is one glorious long legged, large breasted chick who has either just come out of the water or is just going in. She is halfway through changing and having trouble keeping the towel in place.

You steel your nerve, walk over to her and then lose it. You walk past, turn around and make another run in. Words fail.

You are about to get up and make the final lunge when some other guy takes an interest in her. He saunters over to her, says the magic words and winds up holding the towel. They talk and laugh and later walk off together. What did he say?

He said: 'Excuse me, can you tell me where there is a good restaurant near here?' (Line two – not very imaginative but

to catch a beach bird

his dozen best openers for beach chick chat. Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

it's not bad if you follow it up quickly with something else.) Yes he said that. Then he added: 'Oh, sorry, let me help you,' and took hold of the towel.

And the girl probably said: 'Thank you.'

And so he was then free to confide in her and come to closer terms by saying something like: 'Getting changed on beaches is the very devil isn't it. I sprained a muscle doing it the other day.' This makes it easy for the girl to make a reply. They've both had trouble – they're both on the same side. She can show sympathy or agreement, both of which draw her closer and if she gives a hungry look and asks which muscle, he can draw her still further by using something like: 'You'd never guess.' Her answer will indicate how quickly he should press on. So *rule two* becomes: Whatever the circumstances don't make a direct sexual pass straight away. You could ruin everything by starting with a line that shows sexual interest because the girl will be forced into a corner where she has to turn you down to preserve any sense of her own femininity and self-respect. The great majority of girls are not just interested in one thing. They're soft pliable creatures with soft pliable minds and they like to be appreciated for them.

If your chosen girl looks as if she has got an alert mind behind all that oozing flesh then try 'Do you mind if I sit and talk to you for a while.' (Line three. Honest and simple, and it shows that you have at least recognised her other attributes.)

The simplest way to use this non-sexual, non-direct approach brings me to *rule three:* Use a prop.

If, like me, you feel out of place anywhere unless your hands are doing something useful then take a prop. Quite honestly I'm not one of these characters who can stand around doing nothing and looking purposeful. Without a cigarette in one hand and a drink or a dolly or both in the other I lose confidence quickly. Not only do props give you something to twiddle your nervous fingers round and take your mind off your lack of justification for approaching a girl, they give you a damn good opening line. And of all props the camera has to be favourite.

I remember a chick on the beach at Weston-Super-Mare who would have stood out plenty if she hadn't been lying on her tummy showing half the cheeks of her bottom above the belt of her jeans. They were a shade too low on her behind for pure chance and her bra strap was unfastened.

'Excuse me,' I said.

She looked up.

'I'm shooting pictures for a holiday brochure. Have you a Kleenex or something I can wipe the sand out of my lens with?' (Line four. You're keeping yourself aloof so she feels safe, for a while.)

She raised herself and rummaged quite happily allowing me a fine shot of her breasts as they lifted from the sand. But that wasn't the object. The object was to get her on my side and interested. It did – because she was intrigued that I was a holiday brochure photographer and she was obviously wondering why I

hadn't asked to take a picture of her.

So she watched me clean the lens and waited for me to ask her to pose for a picture. Instead I asked where the best spots for photographs were. This led to queries about very quiet unknown spots she might know of and where perhaps she might lead me. Once she helps you out you're on the way.

This is one of the most successful of all lines. It has everything: a good non-sexual reason for approaching any girl, a reason to talk at further length, it contains enough information about yourself to give her something to ask questions about and it has a fascination and intrigue for her because she'll wonder why you aren't photographing her. You should have nearly a hundred per cent success with this.

It's a waste of time giving girls the old line: 'I'm a photographer from Mayfair magazine and I think you have a fabulous body.' (Line five.)

The approach is too sexual, and most of the Mayfair photographers take a lot of care and attention over the girls they want to photograph. Perhaps you have a camera but are not taking photographs for a holiday brochure – and you don't like lying. Try another variation on the camera prop: 'Excuse me, I'm here on my own. Would you be kind enough to take a picture of me with my camera?' (Line six.) Then take one of her. All the better if it's Polaroid. Fascinate her by producing the picture immediately.

Or if you haven't a camera with you, try a different approach using the Kleenex idea: 'Do you have a hanky or a Kleenex, I've got some sand in my eye.' (Line seven.) Just act the part.

Now to *rule four:* Whatever your line, choose your dolly well. if you feel as I do that being turned down ninety-nine times before you find a girl is no way to run your ego, you can cut down the odds by picking the girls who are most available.

You will get turned down from time to time but you should worry. You didn't really want the silly little bitch anyway. It's just that you had nothing better to do and as a man you're expected to try it on.

The most beautiful girl on the beach is not always the best bet. Neither are the plain ones. I used to believe that plain girls were more grateful for it but it's not true. Plain girls tend to be left in the lurch by men who drop them after they have dropped theirs, and they become wary. Attractive girls are having more sex anyway because they're being asked more often for a start, and they know that no man is going to let them go easily. But then beautiful girls are aware enough of how much in demand they are to be interested in a bloody expensive time before they get around to the off.

As with the girl I asked for Kleenex to wipe my camera lens, you can usually tell if she is open to your approach by her attitude, the posture of her body – is it relaxed and open or tensed and shut?

And if like me, you have to tell little lies, tell them. Which is *rule five.*

Lie if you like but remember what you said. After all, most women lie – about their age, their weight, their measurements.

And so to *rule six:* Make them laugh. It's a great thing for removing barriers, not to mention bikinis. Once you've got her laughing you know what makes her tick and you can keep her laughing.

The time to make them laugh is when they're embarrassed. For that they'll be more than grateful.

At Newquay in Cornwall one hot summer day I was weighing up the dollies as usual. There was one who'd caught my eye in the smallest lemon coloured bikini I'd ever seen.

It was only going to be a matter of time before the strain told so I hung around watching her play beachball. One extra high lob from a male friend she was playing with and the damage was done. Her breasts soared high into the air and I was there first. I had my denim jacket off and over her shoulders with the only plausible near-sexual line I've ever been successful with: 'I shouldn't have been practising my thought transference – my aim is obviously a shade wonky.' (Line eight, obviously not true but great if you choose the right situation.)

She laughed, out of embarrassment, but at least she laughed. 'Keep the jacket until they stop staring,' I said. 'You'll find me in the lounge bar of the Pendennis Hotel.'

She did too, full of grateful thanks and without her beach gigolos.

Which leads into *rule seven:* Don't push.

If you meet a girl on a beach and she doesn't respond immediately, give her time. She knows you and you can leave without losing face. With a little diligence a well planned pub crawl later that evening will bring you across her again. At which point you can act like an old friend, having already met – and we all know about the extra power of drink. With a bit of luck she'll introduce you to her female friends too.

The more girls you're on chatting terms with the more chances you're going to have. It is always an advantage to place the girl in a position where she has to talk to you, at least for a while. One good approach with this in mind is: 'Excuse me, where can I buy an ice-cream?' (Line nine.) You go away and she thinks that's it, until you return with one for her too, which she has to eat out of politeness.

Then there is always the zany line: 'Fantastic. This is the first time I've been to the seaside in my life. It must be fate, a girl so beautiful as you.' (Line ten. Make sure she looks as crazy and willing as you are before you resort to this one.)

All girls like to think they are the best on the beach, and there are more subtle ways of playing on this without having to sound crazy. Try: 'I think you're very attractive. How about having dinner with me this evening.' (Line eleven. She'll probably say 'Certainly not' but if you don't hesitate her defences will soon begin to falter.)

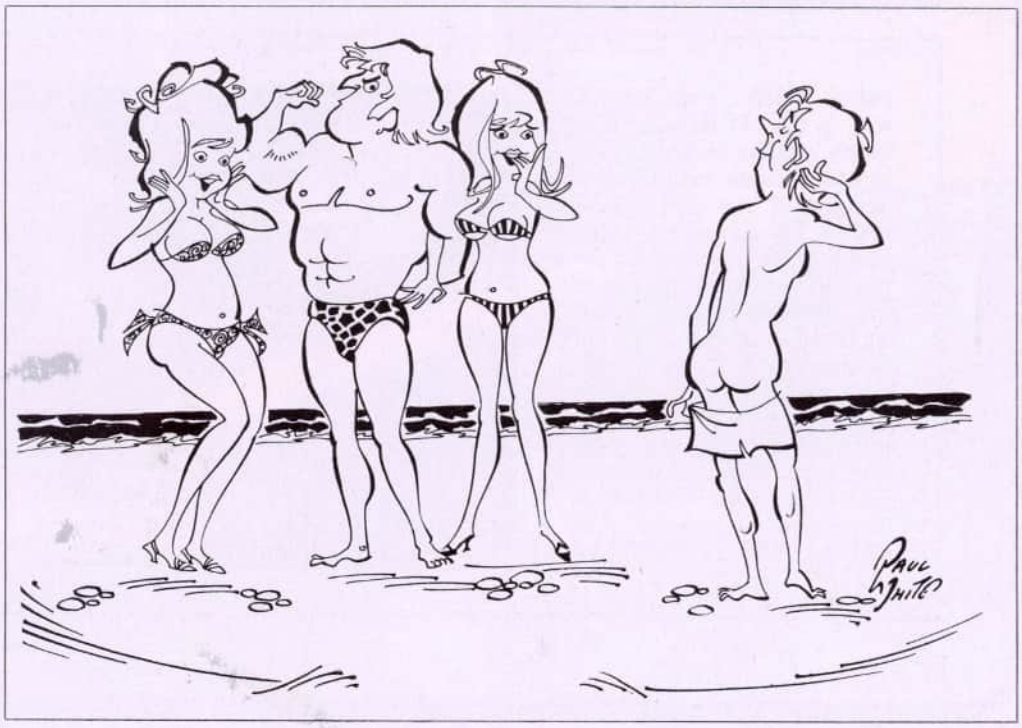
But I think you'll find most success with those reliable old standbys:

'Can you tell me where the nearest cafe is?'

'Can you tell me when is the last trip round the bay?' (All of which add up to line twelve.)

They beg civil answers and they all open into further lines of enquiry.

Happy hunting. And try not to get the sand in it.



Cars of the world unite...

As multi-national giants replace smaller car makers, W.B. argues that designs

Pessimists would have us believe that it will not be long before the motor-car, that well-loved toy of the world's males, becomes just another service, another dull item of everyday furniture. The automobile, produced in millions from the assembly lines of the civilised world, will have standardised controls, safety-harness, safety air-bags and be filled with anti-pollution bits and pieces. It will not be long in adopting a uniform outline and a standardised performance-level. We are on the brink, say these miserable anti-car lovers, of having to invest, not in an Austin, but in one or two mediocre uniform saloons, rather as in Russia already they have big ones for VIPs and little ones for such peasants as can make out a case for having their own.

You all know that I enjoy living in the past: Brooklands with its age-scarred sweeping banked curves, gentlemen amateur racing drivers, Nuvolari the top racing ace in an age when there was no World Championship, gears which you had to shift with skill, petrol at 1/9d a gallon, in nice two-gallon tins . . . I refuse to look as far into the future as the rationalised auto. But if it ever happens, I'll bet that you will still be able to distinguish a Nixon gin-palace from a Harold Wilson peoples' run-about . . .

Certainly I believe that today's cars have national characteristics. This was definitely so in the vintage years. Let's take a peep at this idea, as it prevailed prior to the war.

British cars were stolid, staid and snug, mostly. The Rovers,

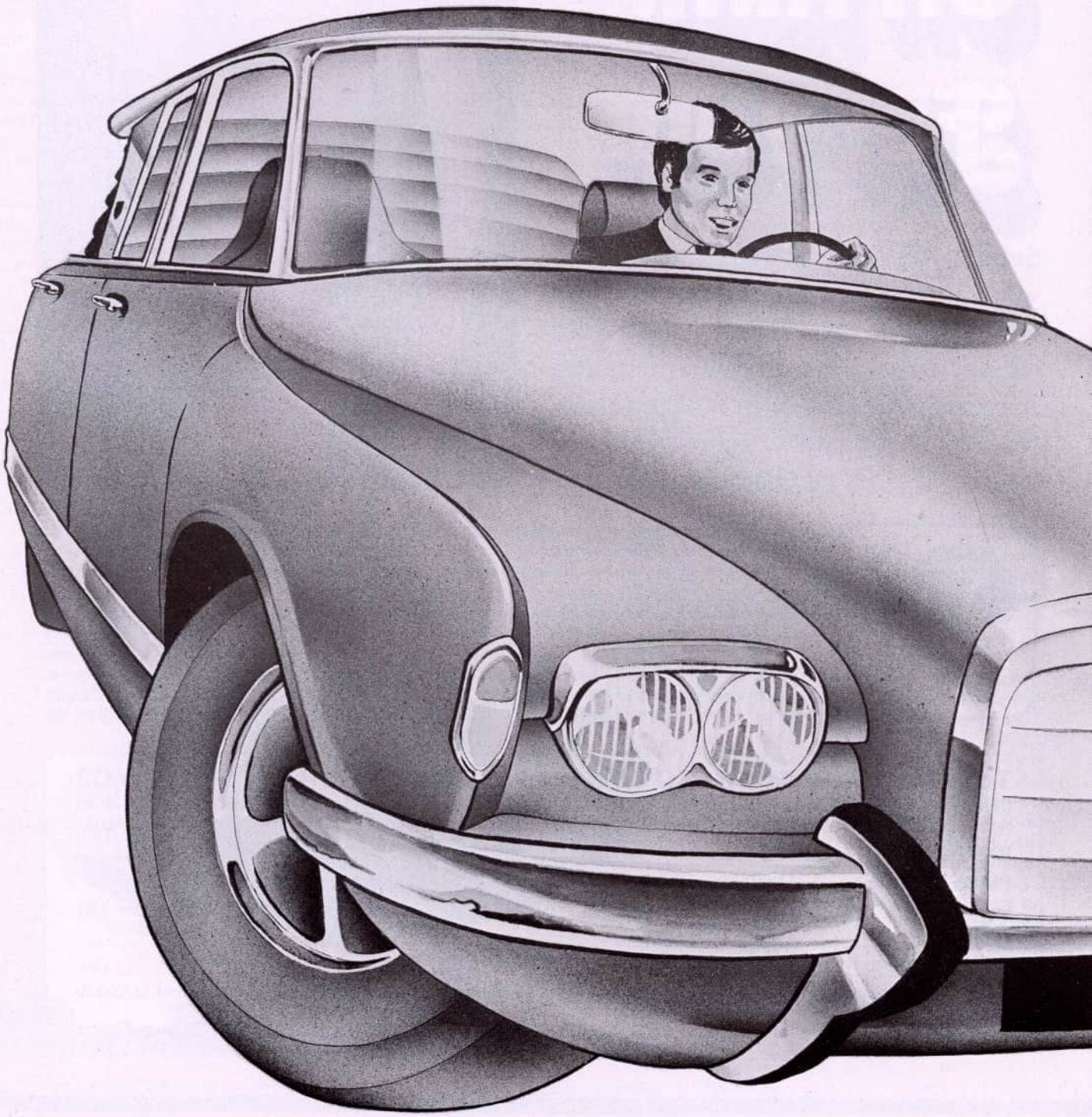


ILLUSTRATION BY BOB ABRAHAMS

Please no!

will still reflect a country's character

Humbers, Rileys and Daimlers tucked you up in leather, with real tree-wood around and before you, and very likely a sliding roof through which to glimpse the occasional shafts of a sun which warmed other parts of the globe more generously. These were square, upright cars, which my learned friend Michael Sedgwick (I don't know if he reads *Mayfair*) calls Betjeman-Land cars. They were solid because the honest British engineers meant them to last, a paradox in this nation of shop-keepers. They were not fast because we had just recovered from an overall 20 mph speed-limit and we were gonged if we exceeded 30 in towns – put like that, the present foolish 70 mph limit sounds almost generous!

The Armstrong Siddeleys, bless them, personified such cars. They rode badly on *pavé*, on their cart springs and beam axles, because their owners seldom took them across the Channel – Continental holidays for the masses are a post-war innovation. Thus the chaps who drew them knew very little about coil springs or torsion bars or independent suspension.

But if the average British car was solid and dependable, we also had the jobs for cads in cloth caps. The Bentleys and Super Sports Alvises and Hyper Lea-Francises, with superchargers like the real racers and fold-flat windscreens and vast petrol reservoirs at the back – deep-throated and terribly sporty, old boy! We had, too, the junior sports-cars, slab-tanked because they were used mostly for storming slimy trials hills.

Pause for a moment, to look at the present-day picture. Our cars still tend to have the lick of luxury, a taste of the grand old past. You find it in the Silver Shadow from Crewe, in the Rover 3500 from Solihull, in even the less-expensive models such as the Triumph Dolomite and Vanden Plas Princess.

France pioneered road racing down her empty, ruler-straight *routes nationals*. Her production jobs inherited the trend. French sports cars of the vintage era had long bonnets, pointed tails to suggest streamlining, noisy exhausts, close-coupled seats (to reduce drag but which located *her* close to *him*), not much weather-protection.

Even the closed cars had low roof-lines and sporting fabric bodies for weight reduction. Before Coventry and Abingdon were playing about with trials Singers and MGs, you could buy here a French Salmson, Amilcar or Senechal for less than £300, which was guaranteed to do some 75 mph and looked just like a baby racer. Bugatti sold racing cars for the road, just as they ran on the track, and the brothers who built Amilcars came out with that gem of a small Grand Prix-type car, the 1,100 cc supercharged twin-cam Amilcar Six. *Trés sportive!*

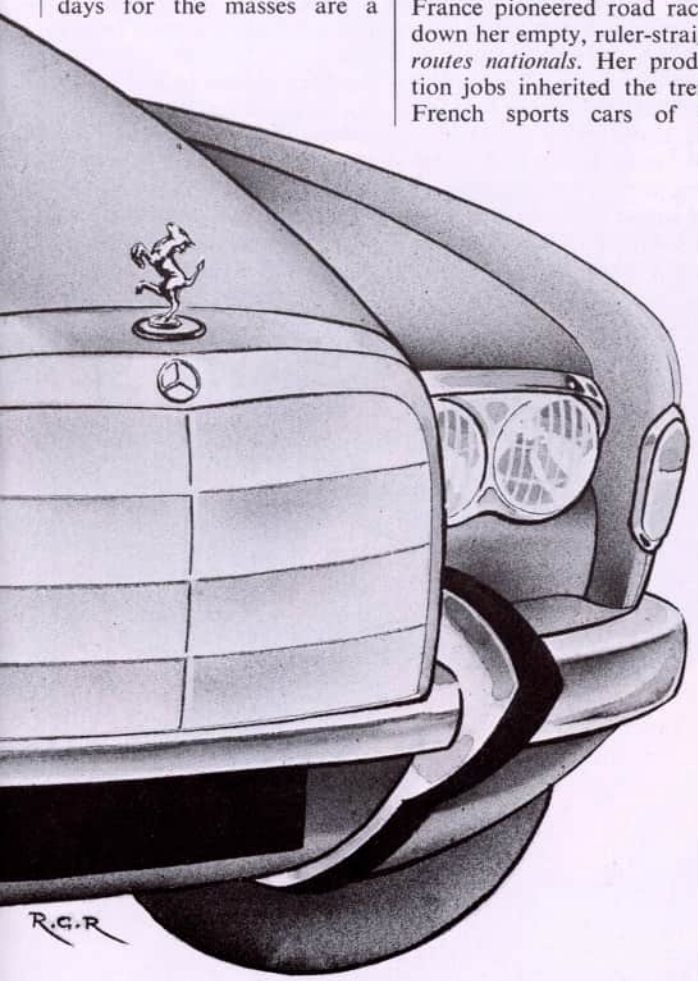
The French industry has suffered such setbacks since the war that I cannot give you quite the same parallel today as I did for Britain, where the leather, the spaciousness and the laboured ride still persist. But if you think the Citroën SM with its twin-cam Maserati engine does not cast something of the shadow of Ettore Bugatti before it, you do not see motoring as I see it. The French, too, were quick to build cars for penniless peasants, or should it be for their franc-lacking fraternity? In the 1920s you saw so many yellow-hued 5cv Citroëns in Paris that it seemed as if a lemon-tree had shed its fruit all over the boulevards. Peugeot went in for an even smaller-engined 7/12, and had even thought up the Peugeot Quad, so lean that it could be garaged in the alleyways between suburban apartments. Mathis, too, had a baby. In recent times there has been the truly excellent soft-sprung Citroën 2cv, followed by today's Diane and the Renault 4, cars which suit the French farmer with loads to move and unmade tracks over which to shift them, very well indeed. The trend has not changed, my friends.

If France was the home of motor racing, even before the turn of the century, Italy, where the sun always shines and the rough red vino flows, has always loved fast cars. So those of the 1920s, from Alfa Romeo, Fiat, Diatto, Lancia and so on, were quick, clung well to the mountain hairpins, and generally, suited young men in love with girls and speed. Because the Alps were an afternoon's run from the cities, early Italian cars possessed good brakes and well-selected gear ratios. The Fiat 501, said to have been planned not by an engineer but by a lawyer, may have resembled a British Bean or Morris-Cowley but its side-valve engine went with verve and its big back brakes rendered it safe down the steep descents.

The line continues in 1972. I am reminded of how the sheer *cheek*, the liveliness, of the first Fiat 124 saloon I tried impressed me – it was an ordinary, lower-class sort of transport to the Milanese but in sooty London it had a touch of sports-car about it. It is thus with most Italian cars and Fiat use sophisticated twin-cam engines in what here we think of as quite normal, business-transport saloons. The Alfa Romeo, OM, Lancia exotics of a past age are reflected today in the sheer magic of cars like Ferraris, Maseratis, Lamborghinis, Fiat Dinos and the like. No one can argue against a continuing Italian trend in exciting motor-cars . . .

But Italy, too, has her poor. And instead of giving them horrid bubble-cars, as Germany did with the BMW Isetta and Messerschmitt, the nation which had evolved in 1922 the advanced ifs space-frame Lancia Lambda offered them the splendidly economical and compact little Fiat 500 – still going strongly if noisily and still available here, for a modest £531.

Germany made her cars heavy and Teutonic. They cleaved their way down the Berlin streets of the 1930s with sharp pointed snouts, on big wheels, the Mercedes, the Maybach and the Benz. The 36/220 and 38/250 Mercedes-Benz (these pioneer firms amalgamated in 1926), the heroic cars of my schooldays, were the equivalent of our Bentleys, America's Stutz. The enormous Grosser Mercedes and the 540K were the German top-cars. Perhaps Hitler's lucky obsession with Grand Prix motor racing helped to speed up and technically-uplift German automobile engineering. The more recent General Motors and Ford links with this part of Europe have helped. Today, however, the trend in magnificent, thoroughly Teutonic cars persists, in the guise of the Mercedes-



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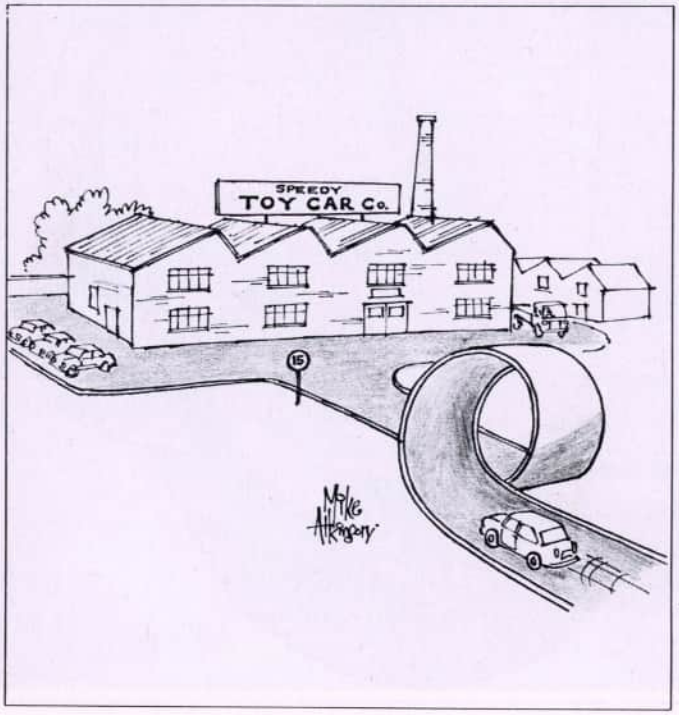
Benz 600. The modern BMWs were sired from the 328 BMW, the first of the medium-sized, efficiently-engined, softly-sprung sports-cars of just pre-war and from the less expensive Opels. They continue the thinking done in the Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union racing departments of long ago.

America has roads of the never-ending kind and lots of space which, after her citizens demanded better than Ford-Ts and Chevrolet 490s, resulted in her making very big drawing-room-capacity automobiles. American cars are American automobiles the world over and their national characteristics of hydraflow, hydramatic, knee-action torqueflight automatic this and that, some of which Rolls-Royce has been happy to copy, are as obvious as American moon shots.

Japan and Russia are perhaps the exceptions to my argument and I would rate their national motor characteristics as copy-cat and not-quite-with-it-yet. For a long time the lesser Russian cars resembled Fords, and the ZIS for Kremlin VIPs was surely born after a Packard and a Buick had spent the night in the same lock-up. Japan started with funny little cyclecars and still has them, in the form of the Honda N350 and N600. The larger Japanese cars have, at all events until very recently, lacked something in road-holding, braking and sound damping. But I am not laughing all over my face, because they improve every day and are bashing great inroads into the world's motor markets. Moreover, for sheer value for money and a comprehensive tool-kit, can you beat a £693 Moskvich 412, winner of its class in our Group One saloon-car races?

But if you care for the theory that the Japs copy everything but one's mind, look at the Datsun 240Z and note the tail-spoiler, the five-speed gearbox, the fast-back roof-line, the six-cylinder overhead camshaft engine – all copied from Europe's idea of what a Grand Touring, *Gran Turismo* coupé is all about. Even if Datsun do use a combination of disc and drum anchors to stop this 125 mph car.

Cars *do* have national characteristics. Could there be anything more British than a Mini (or a 1923 Austin Seven?), more French than a Citroën, more Italian than a Ferrari, more German than a Mercedes, more American than a Pontiac? which, in fact, is Canadian! Now, I suppose, the inter-European models are emerging, such as the new Ford Consul and Granada. Nor must we overlook the fact that the Mini was designed by a genius born in Smyrna, that the so-British-sounding Talbot, about which a learned book has been written by a Cornish-domiciled solicitor, was the work of a dedicated Swiss and that France's great and stylish Rolls-Royce-challenging Hispano-Souza was, too, designed by an engineer of Swiss nationality. Fascinating?



Time Was...
Roy Raymonde's vision of mis-spent youth
1890. I was a young student among the dreaming spires of St. Hilda's when I first became fascinated with the possibility of TIME TRAVEL...
...and during those formative years, while my colleagues blindly sought the key to worldly success — I devoted my thoughts to little else but the CONQUEST OF TIME...

Over the next decades, while the nations youth squandered its virility in countless trivial pursuits....

SO THAT'S LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN...
SO AM I.
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU...
MAFEKING'S RELIEVED!
WHO'S FOR TENNIS?
A WHITE FEATHER HOW SWEET..
THAT'S WILDE, OSCAR.
MRS LANGTRY I PRESUME?
IF YOU KNOW A BETTER 'OLE...
WE ARE NOT AMUSED..
..A HOLE FIT FOR HEROS TO LIVE IN..

..I, despite a myrrad petty distractions, completed a 320,000,000 word thesis on TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM...

Now the Die was Cast — and for the next thirty prime years of my manhood, I scoured the globe for the rare minerals and factors needed to transform my dream into a CONCRETE REALITY...

..To the head hunters of the MATTO GROSSO for the fantastic SHRINKING BLADDERSTONE..

...Remote Tibet for the forbidden YAKH-HAKH-HIHNH FORMULA..

..The inhospitable Arctic for the PHALLIOFLACCIC OOLITE...

... and to places I have sworn never to reveal for the fabled ORANGE KLAT...

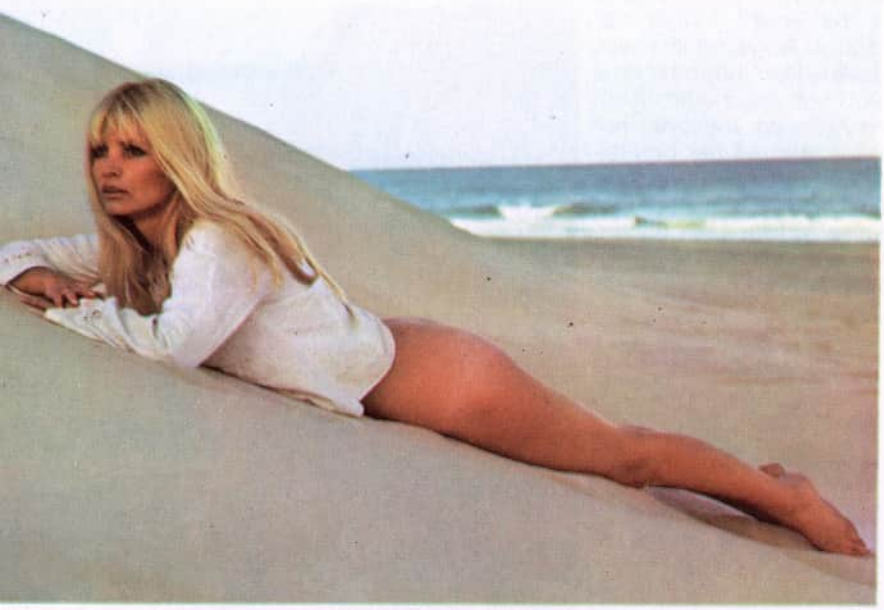
Now all was ready - except (curses) for one essential - A fraction - the merest soupçon - of the unique GREENWICH MERIDIAN! Oh, impossible dreams! Was all my work to be in vain?...
OLÉ
EXCHANGE & MART
KLAT ORANGE FLAVOUR
Nay!...
LOT
MINE ALL MINE!
GONE FOR 4P
WHAT AM I BID, CHEEKY?
..A mere 17 years later, GMT became redundant, and a choice morsel fell under the hammer at CHRISTABY'S!
For 12 more years I painstakingly assembled the machine which was destined to challenge the whole Principle of History..
Until at last - one momentous Tuesday, all was ready for my fantastic VOYAGE INTO TIME!
With trembling fingers, I adjusted my truss, tpok my seat, and depressed the PHANCIPLE LEVER..
Aeons later - when the fog cleared...
I was a young student among the dreaming spires of St. Hilda's when I first became fascinated with the possibility of TIME TRAVEL...
Then - as the needle trembled in the Naughty Nineties - A Blinding Flash... and darkness..
..AND BY HEAVEN - IT WORKED
The time recorder slowly gained anti-momentum...
1909
1969
1953
1931
1922

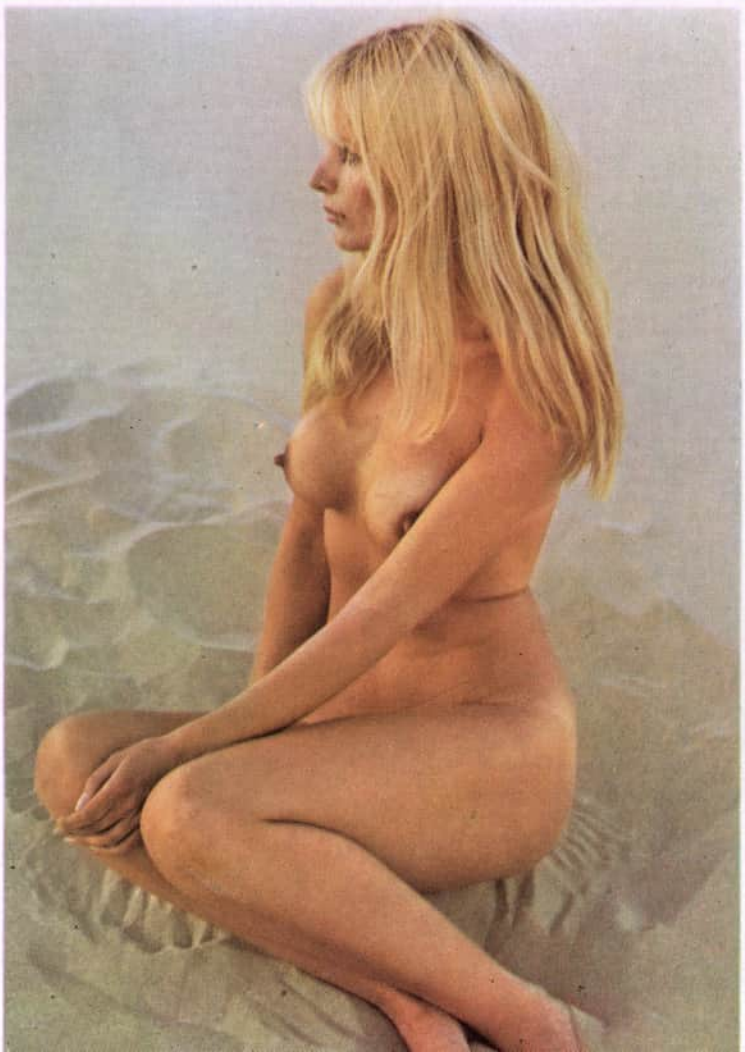
Angelina

Close your eyes and say the name of Angelina. A name for dreams to grow on. A name that represents all those things that go to make a girl more stunning and beautiful than anything we could ever picture in our most erotic fantasies.

And our Angelina is all these things and more. She is fresh and alive. She is all girl – a young thing with nothing to care about in the world. When our photographer found Angelina she was just three days away from hopping on a plane for a quiet, get-away-from-it-all holiday in Jersey. So we followed her there and slowly watched her breath-taking beauty unfold. We watched those firm young breasts revealed. 'I'm a free and happy girl so take all the pictures you want,' she said. And so we did. With her sandy hair, big sad eyes

and firm willing body, Angelina can only be described as absolutely gorgeous. She has those qualities that could only come from a combination of English father and French mother. 'I was born in France but moved to England and settled with my parents in Canterbury when I was seven,' she'll tell you in English that has just enough of a French accent to send you weak at the knees. Now our Angelina is just 20. 'I'm very lucky because my French background helped me to get a job as a courier with a travel firm. That's why I'm so easy going,' she says. Angelina is easy going, as she puts it. She can only remember one regret: 'Once I was only 35½ round here,' she says, cupping her breasts in her hands. 'It was such a neither here nor there size, wasn't it.' Now Angelina has reached the comfortable size of 36, and doesn't worry about anything anymore. The rest of her is a supple 23 and 36, which all adds up to five-feet-four inches of wonderful girl. We wondered what she was doing in Jersey when she was about to tour all those lovely places that travel brochures beg us to visit. 'I like a break on my own,' she says. 'And in Jersey there are lots of quiet little bays at this time of year. You see I have this funny little thing about lying on my back with my bikini top off. I like to feel the sand and wind tickling me here,' she says as she strokes her nipples. Angelina is definitely a carefree girl.





'Nurse Pettijohn! That's not what I meant by easing the patient's stiffness . . .'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Four

This is the second part of our survey on girls who experience 'instant urge'. It may be that women have always had sudden sexual turn-ons and that only in today's more permissive atmosphere has it been at all possible to assuage such urges. For this survey we talked to three girls who have a natural attitude to sex, that is, they assumed it to be a normal thing to have sexual intercourse if they fancied it, without there being further or deeper bonds with the men concerned. In this survey we try to find what triggered the sudden need for sex, and how the men in the instances contributed to the sexual atmosphere and seized the opportunities.

INTRODUCTION

This is the second part of our survey on girls and 'instant urges'. From our complex web of interviews we isolated cases where girls had experienced an instantaneous turn-on towards a man, either because of him or because of an outside happening. In this month's survey we talk to three girls with something in common. They all had a broadminded and permissive attitude towards sex in that they were prepared to have intercourse if they felt the need for it. They looked upon sex as an appetite that needed assuaging when the hunger arose. Given that they were prepared to have sex with a comparative stranger, it is interesting to see what caused the sudden hunger, and how the attitude of the men concerned did not lead to a 'turn-off' or rebuff. From our experience in Quest surveys we feel that these interviews may well represent a fairly general attitude by girls to sex in the years to come.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Boutique Manageress, 23 years old, blonde, town of origin Chester**

This interviewee, daughter of wealthy parents, had invested part of a 21st birthday inheritance in a one-third interest in a boutique which she also managed. She shared a flat with one other girl.

Quest: School was very exclusive I believe?

Manageress: Hey, that was way back in the dark ages. Do you want me to feel impossibly antique and are you one of those people who go around wondering about boarding school girls and repressed sex drives?

Quest: Do they?

Manageress: Do who what?

Quest: Do girls at boarding school have repressed sex drives?

Manageress: To look at me, you'd have thought I was a right po-faced little idiot—which was a scream because I couldn't get my mind off cocks. And we didn't even have a half way decent school gardener.

Quest: And to think we thought that was part of the syllabus. There were always the chances in the long summer holidays?

Manageress: There were always Rodneys and Dennii – is that the plural of Dennises, it reminds me of the plural of something else – we had those by the ton, not the something else which being a man you have guessed, but the Dennises and Rodneys and tennis and strawberry teas which was fun because we did have fumbles in the garden but nothing as tasty as some of the guys I've met since with their tight mod trousers and my tasty taxi driver. They normally don't you know, they're not supposed to, it's some sort of ethics.

Quest: Taxi drivers?

Manageress: He would have got the job as my chauffeur any day but who has the bread? Would you believe I was a virgin when I left school? The closest I ever came was a barbecue at a Rodney's – that's a fig . . . figurative way of putting it.

Quest: Perhaps a Rodney somewhere would like to disprove your tone of voice too.

Manageress: Wouldn't that be tasty? Do people advertise for things like that in your magazine? No I don't think they do, do they? I'm lost again, help me.

Quest: You were I believe, at a barbecue.

Manageress: Ha, and in a silly white lace dress with frills round my boobies which made me look like Little Miss Muffin, or something, on a tuffin or was it muffet sitting on a tuffet, which is what the friend of the manager of the beat group said, actually, I think that's what he was, when he was half out of his skull behind the marquee, I think. He had that not quite glazed look men get when they're still able but not absolutely stable, that's clever, I must remember that. Could you put a little less Coke in it this time – I'm not underage you know. You don't want me giggly do you, you mean thing. One more and I'll be at my absolute best, I promise.

Quest: While on the subject of drink. Had you been at this barbecue?

Manageress: I wasn't anywhere near the giggles though I could name some who were and all minors too. You must think I'm a terribly hardened boozer and I'm not really. I still get giggly as quickly now as I did when I was sixteen, but I was almost sober with Tight Trousers.

Quest: That's an unusual name.

Manageress: You are a sarcastic thing, naughty. The girls thought it was super at school when I told them about Tight Trousers. They ribbed me because I didn't know his real name and they wanted me to tell them the story every night for weeks. Do you want me to tell you about him?

Quest: I think I'd be disappointed now if you didn't.

Manageress: There wasn't much to it really, silly. At school in the dark and the quiet I made it into a real drama. It was blown up out of all proportion. In the dark I would say: 'And then I pulled it out.' And there'd be a silence and all the other girls would say: 'And then she *pulled* it out,' and they'd all hum and giggle. Then I'd say: 'And then I *squeezed* it,' and they'd giggle again and moan and repeat that. And then I'd describe it. 'It was *long* and *white* and *warm* and it went *hard* in my hand.' And they'd all nearly scream for more. I could hear them, they'd all be twisting in their beds and saying: 'What did you do next?' They knew the answer by then. I'd say: 'It tasted salty,' and they'd ask how I knew and I'd say: 'Because I *kissed the round knob on the end.*' Then they'd all moan and groan and make yeeuk sounds. The idea was fascinating but horrifying too.

Quest: And did you kiss it?

Manageress: Oh dear, what a fibber. It was a fascinating thought though – afterwards. Horrified me then, the way he put it. It happened because he had terribly tight trousers, bright yellow satin and so bulgy and it looked so tasty I had to touch and see if it was real. We danced once and I led him on frantically, suggesting I wanted to go out of the marquee into the cool of the night. Round the back of the marquee where there were some Chinese paper lanterns in the trees strung from one to another, he straight away grabbed me and pulled one of my breasts over the top of the dress. Have you ever been horrified and fascinated at the same time so you knew where something was going but were unable to stop it? That's how I felt then. I thought, come on, you have to lose your virginity some time, you'll never see the guy again, get in there with both hands.

Quest: But you didn't lose it?

Manageress: He was more interested in his cock than what I had under my dress. Some guys are like that. Are you? Aren't I naive sometimes? Pardon me, I'm not a hard hussy really.

Quest: But you aren't averse to making a direct approach?

Manageress: If I said no, you'd think I was trying to get off with you for what I just said but I'm not, oh dear, that's not very flattering. I mean, I would try and get off with you but I wouldn't. Isn't that confusing? Because of the interview, you know, if I met you at a party . . . stop me, I'm lost again.

Quest: You decided you were going to lose your virginity but he didn't take it.

Manageress: I was very aroused by the feel of his satin trousers and half the point was seeing what was underneath so I rubbed my hand against it, instinct, I cupped my hand. His hands were all over my breasts and my nipples were standing on end. Boys had done that before, you know . . .

Quest: Algernons and Rodneys.

Manageress: (laughter) You're cruel. So I thought, let us delve further though I don't remember unzipping his trousers, perhaps it was an insecure one. But there it was, all warm and growing bigger and I thought, what a wonderful toy, so I played with it. He really had to tell me how to. It seemed jolly big then, very tasty, the first one I had touched. He had one hand in my dress on my breasts and he was groaning and saying: Go on, do it more.

Quest: Go on.

Manageress: I wanted a good look at it, being a silly little girl and conducting my own biological survey like the twerp I was. That was when he put his hand on the back of my hair and pushed my face down.

He said: 'Blow me, baby, blow me.' He thought I was an expert little nymph the way I'd been carrying on. How could I say I wanted him to do something to me, not me him? My mouth was almost touching it. I didn't even know what he wanted me to do, no, I fib, I guessed at it but the thought was repulsive. That's the funny thing, I ran away, but after that it became a fascination not a horror.

Quest: But tight trousers still arouse you?

Manageress: So now you think I have a penis fixation. I suppose you think I think: man, bulge, penis.

Quest: Do you?

Manageress: Alison (name changed), my flat mate, says I have all the signs of a nymphomaniac, but not much of the action. But that's untrue too. I hate to say it but a lot of things turn me on, words or looks or even those tight trousers and when I'm turned on, I look forward to sex if the opportunity is there . . . perhaps I'm turned on more often than other girls, perhaps less, perhaps I just follow it through more.

Quest: Earlier you mentioned a tasty taxi driver.

Manageress: There you are, I even get turned on by dull weekends like the one I spent with friends and relatives when I met my tasty taximan. Actually I read a paperback on the train back to town and that left me feeling rather ready. It was about a naughty party at a country house with people having orgies in the bedrooms. What did take my fancy was the bit where the woman of the house was tied to a four-poster and had by three different men all wearing masks. I read it several times.

Quest: So you had perhaps developed a fantasy by the time you reached your destination?

Manageress: Isn't it strange how you can think these things until you practically feel woozy about them? I felt like that when I saw my taxi driver. He even got out and helped me with my luggage. He was tall with big strong arms and quite a bit older and just the sort of man who'd be in there in a mask with a woman tied to the bed. He even looked the sort who'd not bother to take your dress off, just lift it up, unsophisticated and hard, really, but I was surprised any taxi driver would bother getting out to help you with your bags. Perhaps it was because of the mini I was wearing, my special mini, very tasty with my big boots – it hardly covers anything, just my bottom so when I sit it shows all my thighs right up to my bottom. His taxi had a mirror inside – it must have been a night taxi come on duty, it was around eleven, because only all night taxis are allowed to have an interior mirror aren't they?

Quest: So presumably he could see you in the back?

Manageress: I could see he could see me by his eyes flickering and I thought what if he tied me down as per the book. I'd never had that done to me. But perhaps he wouldn't do anything or make any approach or dare to and I admit I felt like sex but not just with any man, with this one in particular, strong and silent man. I didn't need to let my skirt ride up because when I sat down it was up and I admit I did allow my thighs to wander, on the seat.

Quest: Go on.

Manageress: I did make it so obvious but there was no reaction. I went and sat on the fold-up seat behind him and pulled back the partition and asked him if he would carry my bag for me at the other end. At first he said he couldn't. Then I said I would invite him in for a hot cup of coffee. And he said it was against regulations. He must have thought I was a brazen hussy or a screaming nympho as per because I played with his hair and felt hot and naughty as I said what I said, that there might be something more for him if he did. He didn't say anything, just shook his head away.

Quest: But he did carry your bags?

Manageress: It was awful because it was a radio cab too and he said over the radio he was going off for a short while and this voice came over saying: 'Ho, ho, you lucky devil?' or something like that. I don't know what colour I was but his face didn't change, just very straight as he picked up my bag and lugged it up the stairs. Alison wasn't in – I had bargained for her being out, she is, every Sunday evening at her fiance's parents. When we got in he said: 'Let's forget the coffee, shall we?' I nearly said: yes, please. He was obviously going to be big and strong and he was.

Quest: What happened? Did he tie you down?

Manageress: He just lay me straight across the bed without a word, no I fib, he lay me across the bed and then said: 'We both know what I'm here for,' but that was all he said.

Quest: That didn't upset you?

Manageress: At school we had a dorm fantasy about having it off with a Durham miner with all his coal dust and leaving great fingerprints on our pale white bodies, great black fingermarks. And he'd be silent except at the climax he'd groan and we thought of all the words he'd use. And this was my fantasy coming true, the big uncouth man who'd spear me and exhaust me, not dirty coal dust fingerprints, but bruises and I'd be at his mercy and he'd use dirty words. And he did. I did too.

Quest: Not many people can be lucky enough to say their fantasies have become hard fact.

Manageress: And he was hard and so good. I had the only multiple orgasm – I think they call it that – I've ever had. He was standing up and he lifted my legs up and pulled my tights and boots off almost with one pull then he let my legs drop back onto the bed and threw my boots aside. Then he didn't do anything, I looked up and he had taken his trousers off and he was sticking straight out and up, so hard and big. My pulse went faster looking at it. For a horrible moment, he looked so purposeful advancing at me with his thing like that I thought he was going to forget my panties and take them with him. But he stopped and stood over me for a second, then unfastened my skirt and pulled that off.

Quest: You took no action yourself?

Manageress: I was completely at his mercy, unable to do anything, part of the fantasy, so I just rolled over as he pulled my blouse off as though unrolling me from a blanket. And there I lay in my bra and panties on my stomach. He put his hands under my waist and pulled me up to my knees with my thighs apart and stripped my panties down to my knees. I rolled over on my side and he took them right off then pulled me to my knees again and I felt his warmth sort of oozed in. I cried out with it, absolute bliss, and his hands slid up to my breasts under me and pushed my bra upwards and while he was oozing in and out of me – I was so wet – he squeezed the nipples with his fingers. My head was in the bedcover and I was moaning all sorts of things I'm not going to repeat and then I came, building up until I was shaking like a leaf and my legs jerked him away, and I was heaving and trembling. He just twisted me over on my back and brought his head to my breasts and slid into me again and I went on coming and coming until I was bruised and aching and I felt if I came once more I'd die. I wanted him to pull out so I could take him in both hands and gobble him up, and eat him. But he stayed in until he came and then pulled straight out and left me there, aching and finished completely. Praise be to the Pill.

Quest: Has this fantasy recurred?

Manageress: Whew, I'm exhausted, I really am, that was something.

I couldn't stand to touch myself for days and my nipples were so sore. It cured me of that fantasy all right but he was fantastic, I asked for it didn't I? And aren't you supposed to be plying me with drinks?

Quest: I think we'll leave it there. Thank you.

Two **Housewife, 26 years old, black haired, town of origin Hemel Hempstead**

This interviewee, a slim girl with a boyish figure, had worked as a temp in London before her marriage to a wealthy stockbroker five years her senior. Before marrying she had lived with her parents and younger sister at home. There were no children.

Quest: Are you still a keen horsewoman?

Housewife: That sounds awful, horsewoman, like a great tweedy Duchess with riding boots and whips, ugh.

Quest: While you're more a Una Stubbs in jeans and a T shirt and possibly without a bra?

Housewife: And bare feet.

Quest: But you were or are fond of horse riding?

Housewife: Now don't tell me I've worked up my nerve to breaking point and you've tromped all the way out here to talk about horses. I thought the object was er, something else?

Quest: It is.

Housewife: It is? I don't get . . . has my husband, he didn't mention, he wouldn't . . . ah no I see. I know who's been talking to you, I think I do.

Quest: Do you object?

Housewife: What did he say, I'm all ears. Was it good? Or wicked?

Quest: He said you were a keen horsewoman and a sexy girl. He assured us the two had something in common and we

might find it interesting to talk to you.
Housewife: It's my body isn't it?
Quest: Sorry?
Housewife: I don't mind, I do have a girlish body, I don't mind being called a sexy girl rather than a sexy woman. Perhaps I ought to grow my hair. He used to call me kiddo, so that shows you, perhaps I shouldn't, my hair was longer then. You've brought me on in a fit of nostalgia now – it really doesn't seem two years ago, no nearer two and a half.
Quest: We were told it was more recent than that, less than a year ago.
Housewife: Oh, no, are we going to talk about that one. I thought it was someone else you were referring to. Oh, that *was* a mistake, him. That was when I was married, well I still am, but married as opposed to single.
Quest: And you went horse riding?
Housewife: My husband isn't keen on letting me go riding – he doesn't himself, he's rather down to earth and he doesn't see the point – and knowing how it's affected me in the past he tried to make sure I don't anymore, after that last fiasco when he found out.
Quest: Between marriage and that affair, were there others?
Housewife: Affair? I wouldn't have called it an affair, it didn't last long enough in my book for that.
Quest: Were there?
Housewife: I remind me of Tennessee Williams's Southern Belle with the itch between her thighs who couldn't help herself, but with me it wasn't there until a horse brought it on – and that's how I justified it to myself. I didn't feel guilty about riding horses which was what it was but afterwards, slinking home in my messed up clothes and changing and being extra nice when he came home that was my guilt. And I'd think, never again. Then I'd go and do it again. I'd be safer out working as secretary with ten lecherous bosses than out horse riding.
Quest: But no whips or spurs?
Housewife: Horses are lovely gentle creatures and they should be treated that way. I can't stand these frightful people who get their jollies being vicious.
Quest: Tell me about your affair that wasn't quite an affair.
Housewife: Some mornings I wake up and turn to my husband and blow in his ear and he snorts out of bed as if I'd jabbed him with a hat pin and blusters about getting breakfast. It was one of those mornings. With a faint sigh the lovely young rejected wife walks naked into the kitchen and in the lovely central heating sets about his cornflakes. Down comes hubby in suit and collar and moans at me to get dressed. He hates mornings. He thinks I'll sap his strength for the day's deeds of derring-do. He's a darling man but I'd expect you'd say on the selfish side. Let me whisper, I suspect a voluptuous secretary who sits on his Conrad Ryman and takes diction. I'm positive he has a thing about breasts and mine aren't . . . big.
Quest: But he married you.
Housewife: How perceptive of you, you charming person. He did have his reasons. And if anyone was on the rebound it was me, from the man I thought had told you about me from two years ago. He used to lift me up and move me up and down on his thing so my feet weren't even touching the ground, I'm so light and girlish, ooh I shall be squealing with glee in a minute thinking about it.
Quest: When did you meet your husband?
Housewife: Years ago. We'd known each other for years and he was always the man my parents wanted me to marry. We lived together in this house – it was left to him, he's always owned it – for odd periods but I kept getting restless and going off for various reasons and I think other girls he lived with were bigger in the breasts, some I've met were. It might have been the effect I had on him when I kept packing up and moving out. But I think he's thinking about big breasts again if not doing anything about it. I think mine were so hard and round like apples, he said, with big sticky-out nipples that fascinated him anew each time. But now he's started fondling them as though he's trying to stretch them and make them bigger. That's how I think I know he's thinking of other things.
Quest: Now can we talk about the affair that wasn't?
Housewife: Watertight boxes?
Quest: Sorry?
Housewife: You want everything in little boxes? Do you want me to catalogue my experiences or just a general mish-mash – a mish-mash would be more fun, wouldn't it? You'd never know what was coming.
Quest: Please answer the question.
Housewife: Oh, charming. I just like horses.
Quest: Because of a preconceived notion of satisfaction?
Housewife: I don't get fruity every time I sit on a horse if that's what you're getting at. Another girl I went riding with when I was a temp laughed at me because I used to sit on my horse – whichever one I took out from the riding stables, I never owned one of my own – and daydream that Trampas would come galloping out of the trees. Oh dishy Trampas why didn't you catch a plane from America and come to my field at St Albans (laughter). Have you heard of him? He's a cowboy in The Virginian on television. I watch without fail. My husband ribs me about it.
Quest: But you weren't thinking about Trampas this particular day?
Housewife: We're back to my non-affair again I see. Because my husband shrugged me away that morning – that didn't mean I still felt that way inclined when I tromped down to the riding school and it wasn't the reason for going really. I just felt like riding then. Lovely day, hot summer sun, all the little things.
Quest: But your thoughts underwent a change?
Housewife: There was a rather dishy farmhand – the stables were part of a farm need I add – but he was on his own there and all the horses were out grazing. He was new there, probably working the summer or an odd few days and when I told him which horse I wanted, the one I usually rode he said I might as well go and bridle it myself. I wasn't going to lump the saddle down to the paddock so I took a bridle intending to lead it back to saddle. Trust me, I rode it back, or I did much later.
Quest: Bareback?
Housewife: That great warm firm back between your thighs. It's no fantasy.
Quest: You'd ridden bareback before?
Housewife: I should have known better, the effect it has on me, my fault but can you believe it was that sort of day, smells, grass, trees, sun. I put the bridle on him and started leading him. Climbing on was a very instant thing. It was just the thing to do. I vaulted off the top of the paddock fence. Then I took my boots off and left them by the fence because I wanted to nuzzle my feet against his flanks.
Quest: So that left you wearing what?
Housewife: Riding I always wear just old jeans, panties and a T shirt. We've joked about that haven't we already, Una Stubbs, etc?
Quest: Go on.
Housewife: This is the part where I should blush.
Quest: I promise not to stare.
Housewife: Or boggle. Erm, I lifted my T shirt and rubbed my breasts against the rough hair on his flank.
Quest: While you were riding?
Housewife: Ah. He was a lovely old horse. He just trotted me off across the fields and was I squirming when we reached the trees where no-one could see. I let the bridle hang loose and put my arms round his neck with my feet holding me against his flanks and we just jollied along to the path by the trees. I was feeling very dozy and languid and at the same time warm and soft between my thighs with the slow rubbing of his back through my jeans, the sort of feeling I get when I'm at the parting of the ways, or of the legs – one wriggle too many and I get the itch. It's not easy to explain the feeling.
Quest: I think you have, very well.
Housewife: He stopped and put his neck down and I slid sideways off into the grass. My T shirt rucked up as I went and my tummy slid bare on his flank. It was a delicious coarse tickly feeling and it really set me off. Without thinking about it I lifted my T shirt right up until my breasts were bare and I touched them to him. Then I rubbed them up and down and I felt my nipples go absolutely rigid. I rather wanted

to take all my clothes off and hug my body right to his big warm strong back. I was so taken with the idea I had my T shirt off and my arms round his neck before what I was doing really came home to me. Loving an animal. Before you ask, I wasn't considering it sexually, oh, dear, I'm making you feel revolted to think you thought it. Please don't.

Quest: I'm not. I can imagine you presented a rather beautiful and touching picture and it only saddens me that it's not a picture I saw.

Housewife: I wonder if you had would you have been as bold as the dishy farmhand was?

Quest: He saw you?

Housewife: I was out of sight of the farmhouse but not of the paddock but then I didn't expect anyone to be in the paddock. Still when I realised what I was doing I did put my T shirt back on pretty sharpish. I felt embarrassed even though there was just the horse and myself but the itch was well and truly under way then. I was rather randy but there was little I could do about it. Of course I had to climb onto the horse again to take him back. I suddenly wanted to get back home and get ready for my husband.

Quest: So you took the horse back to the paddock.

Housewife: Rather more quickly. That was my undoing because if anything affects me more than a trotting horse it's a cantering horse.

Quest: So you were even more sexually ready when you arrived back at the paddock?

Housewife: It was only a short canter but I was flushed to the roots of my hair and actually panting. And the dishy farmhand was in the paddock. He went there to look for me, he said afterwards, when I hadn't turned up for a saddle, but at the time he just said: 'You love that old horse don't you,' and I knew he'd seen me over by the wood by the way he said it and the way he looked at me. He reached up his hands to help me off and I let him. It's the easiest thing in the world to slide off a saddleless horse but I let him help me. He caught me under the armpits but he had such big hands and I'm so small his thumbs were on my breasts. And that was it.

Quest: He made love to you?

Housewife: He held me in front of him with his fingers under my arms and his thumbs doing soft round movements on my nipples. I wasn't even ashamed, just looked into his face. He stared into my eyes and I knew deep inside I wanted him to make love to me. I caught hold of his hands in a last desperate effort I suppose and pulled them down. He put them back on my waist, straight up under the T shirt with his thumbs caressing between my navel and the undersides of my breasts. I think I just said: 'No, don't,' rather quietly and of course he didn't take any notice, just pressed his mouth very hard on mine and forced my lips open and wriggled his tongue in and at the same time his hands both went up to my breasts and squeezed them, one in each palm. My T shirt had come right up to my shoulders and I'd gone all goosepimply. That was the end, I just responded and put my arms tight round the back of his neck and bit his tongue, not hard. He pulled his mouth away and said: 'Right, baby.' One hand was on my right breast and the other was caressing up from my hip to my left breast and back. I sort of leant back with my hands round his neck and away from his body and he squeezed one hand down into my jeans behind my buttocks and undid the buttons at the front with the other. I said: 'Please, please, don't,' but it was a foregone conclusion. I don't know why I said that, my last shreds of conscience. What I wanted was to be absolutely rooted completely, then.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: It was over very quickly. He put his hand inside my panties and crooked his finger so the tip slid inside me. He felt how ready I was then crooked his knee behind mine and we fell into the grass. I held onto the back of his neck and he pulled my jeans and panties off together. Then he said: 'Take it out, baby.' I should have recognised his type, very arrogant male and known he was the sort to talk about it afterwards. As it was I wanted making love to but he wanted me to make love to him.

Quest: Who won?

Housewife: He was kneeling between my legs with his pelvis thrust forward within reach of my hands. I must admit he had a tremendous bulge there and when I had unbuckled his belt and undone the top catch it almost opened the zip itself. He told me to hold it. It uncurled out and I held it between both hands. He kept staring at my face and I dropped my eyes to it and rubbed it slowly. But while I was doing that he put his hands under my bottom and lifted it into the air almost to the height of his groin and ooh, I was so very randy I pulled him right into me with both hands and then took one hand off, keeping the other there in case he slipped out and put it on his back. Then I moved the other hand and pulled with both hands. What happened is that I pulled myself across the grass against him.

Quest: Go on.

Housewife: It was so perfect. It was such a delicious feeling with my bottom up in the air I felt quite delirious and I moved my groin against his. He was gasping as fast as I was moaning and he started rotating me against him right at the last moment by my buttocks. Oh, dear, I had the first orgasm and I could see he was going to come in me. I just couldn't have that – even wet and ragged and shattered as I was and I pushed against him as he lost control and he just slipped just before he came.

Quest: How did your husband find out? Were you being secretly watched by someone else?

Housewife: The dishy farmhand must have found out my name from the owner and talked about it because the owner then tried it on on two later occasions and he didn't succeed. My husband got to know about my indiscretion after that.

Quest: But this had happened on other occasions both before and during your marriage?

Housewife: My husband was one of my few boyfriends I didn't meet either through horse riding or who didn't go horse riding. Like the boyfriend I was on the rebound from when I married my husband – the one I first thought had told you about me – we didn't meet horseriding but we did go riding together and that was when he used to lift me right off the ground and make love to me with my legs wrapped round his waist.

Quest: We can talk about him on the next tape. I think I'll end this one here.

Three **Public Relations Consultant, 28 years old, brunette, town of origin Warwick**

This interviewee, a bright and intelligent girl, had worked for a number of companies before forming her own. She had her own flat and ran a small car.

Quest: First, you do not strike me as a career woman. What inspired you to launch out into your own business?

Consultant: It seemed like an exciting idea at the time, but, whew, I wasn't ready for the footslogging – I really didn't know what work was about before this. Things are a little smoother now and luckily my partner does a lot of the run of the mill office work and organisation.

Quest: Leaving you free to wine and dine your clients?

Consultant: Wouldn't that be super, the chance of it. I think that's what filled my woolly head at the time – wining and dining – wasn't that irresponsible?

Quest: Do you find work such a full time preoccupation that it takes precedence over your personal relationships?

Consultant: With men?

Quest: Perhaps. Why do you ask that?

Consultant: Well I think that's what you want to find out about isn't it – from what we've already spoken about?

Quest: Do men frequently invite you to share their beds?

Consultant: To be frankly honest: yes, they do. But they really aren't as frank and open about it as that.

Quest: In what way?

Consultant: Well, they don't come up to me and say: come to bed with me, even, I mean men don't, do they, let alone use more . . . er . . .

Quest: Basic language? Four letter words for instance?

Consultant: No, I mean yes, they don't. It's never as simple as that is it?

Quest: Isn't it?

Consultant: I used to think of it as a type of ritual. First they'd mention sex in a roundabout way, try and get you talking openly about it, then insinuate and finally suggest, again in a roundabout way with little persuasions here and there, you know, perhaps a brush of the hand across my breasts or a pat on the bottom, nothing definite, and a compliment on the shape of my breasts or a joke about my not wearing panties or something.

Quest: Do you often go about without your panties?

Consultant: No, I usually always wear them

except if they're going to spoil the line of a very tight dress.

Quest: But with no ulterior motive?

Consultant: Now, would you expect me to admit that even if it were true? Seriously, I don't think I've ever regarded sex as a one night affair to the extent of planning it down to wearing no panties when I go out with a man. Even when I'm having sex with a man I think I'd prefer to be wearing panties. I don't want it to be a case of him lifting up my skirt and hopping on. The more there is to take off the more time there is for loveplay, isn't there? And if he's got to pull my panties down he has to arouse me and caress me first, usually.

Quest: We're getting away from the main subject. You said that invitations to sex with men were frequent. I wanted to ask you how often you succumbed.

Consultant: Not so frequently. In fact I can count the number of men I've had sex with in eight years on the fingers of one hand.

Quest: Personal relationships, deep personal relationships are important to you?

Consultant: I used to think I was a very level-headed so-and-so really – I must have seemed either juvenile or spinsterish. I think I was very carefully and cautiously planning my future and thinking I knew exactly what I wanted from it. Sort of: I would like this and this and working out the best way of going about it. And if you'd suggested a man could bed me the same day I met him I'd have said you were out of your head.

Quest: Why? There's always a first time.

Consultant: I had never felt the slightest urge to do it so soon. I didn't think I would ever feel so randy in my life. Sex was always the result rather than the catalyst of a relationship, but it was never the most important bit. I don't think I was afraid of anything, more a case of allowing my resistance to be worn down bit by bit until . . . well, until it just happened as a matter of course, I suppose.

Quest: From the way you're telling me all this I suspect something happened to change your outlook.

Consultant: It has, it has. A man I met at a wedding. Not very long ago.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Consultant: Well, it was a super wedding at first. We went in Doris's car, she's my partner, and we stood outside this tiny country church, with all the trees in pink and white blossom and we threw confetti – it was a PR man's dream, Doris in blue and me in pale yellow with my brown legs nearly all showing – it was a very flattering dress I'd bought specially – and my breasts were tanned, too, and the dress made them peep just over the top. And we both had floppy hats, made me look mysterious, my big shaded eyes fathomless under the trees. I think men are so lovely in dress suits, too, with grey top hats and gloves. It was very County. The bride was an old flat mate I used to share with in the old days. She and the groom got into the shiny big car and we all drifted back to the reception in the bride's father's huge country house and drank champagne and ate strawberries and cream.

Quest: Tell me how this man came into it.

Consultant: The thing I fancied straight away about David was his long curly hair – it was so out of place in a dress suit – the way it fell over his ears and curled over his collar – yet it made him just right – a very arrogant man confident and relaxed enough to be at ease in any situation.

Quest: Could you have fancied him enough at that moment to sleep with him?

Consultant: I've told you the number of men I've slept with. I'm not that susceptible to the opposite sex and not many men have the patience to flatter me for six weeks and go on waiting.

Quest: But something different happened with David?

Consultant: I was hemmed into this corner by three or four men all looking down my dress and pretending they weren't. The old, old story again, the flickering eyes. I had a glass of champagne full in one hand a cigarette in the other and they were all waiting to be first to refill either hand, whichever was empty first.

Quest: And David?

Consultant: David caught my eye and I caught his and he came over and rescued me. He just walked through them, took the glass of champagne out of my hand, his eyes never left mine and I remember thinking: well, he's not looking at my breasts, how unusual. He caught me by the wrist and said, 'Excuse us, gentlemen.' Not excuse me but excuse us. Then he said: 'The best man's waiting to meet you,' and I just went along with him feeling absolutely feminine and overpowered. He walked me straight out into the garden through the great french windows and sat me on the stone parapet.

Quest: Go on.

Consultant: I was dazed but not dozy. I asked where the best man was. He said: 'I'm the best man we can manage and I've brought you out here to admire you properly.' Oh, yes, I said, well you can just take me back and take your turn. 'I want to look at your body and retain the picture with me because not only are your breasts the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen but from where I am your perfect thighs end in a most tantalising tangle.' Tantalising tangle. That's what he said. He said that.

Quest: You weren't wearing panties?

Consultant: Of course I was. I don't know what he was talking about. I was flummoxed, panic stricken. 'What about my mind?' I asked, trying to make a joke of it. He said, 'Your mind doesn't interest me but I'd like to screw you into the grass.' I was absolutely shaken. No-one ever had said that to me. While I was picking up my shattered remains he went on saying that he could too and he'd do it so well I wouldn't sit down for a week without having an orgasm. Then he was going on about he'd have my titties out of the top of my dress and what he'd do with his mouth to my body. I ran. I really almost ran back into the reception.

Quest: Can you analyse your feelings then?

Consultant: I was shaken rigid and I was thinking: screw me into the grass, over and over and I stood in a corner with Doris and two men she was talking to, not taking any notice of what they were saying and I couldn't help imagining this dreamy man doing what he said he was going to do and his mouth – he had a good mouth – on me and I was as wet as a dishrag.

Quest: What happened then?

Consultant: He came back into the room. I watched him out of the corner of my eye. I blushed like a virgin and I was unsteady at the knees but I couldn't take my eyes off him. The nerve of the man he picked up two glasses of champagne and walked over to me. I dropped my handbag. I wanted to flee and get out of it but I was rooted to the spot. There was a terrified fascination in seeing what he'd say next.

Quest: What did he say?

Consultant: He looked at my eyes and I couldn't take them away from his then he deliberately handed me my glass of champagne and flicked his eyes down to my bosom but he kept looking and then lifted his gaze up my neck back to my eyes. Then he said: 'If I poured this glass of champagne over your breasts would you let me lick it off?' Oh God. This went on. God. 'If it trickled between your thighs would it make you taste any sweeter?' I mean, what was I supposed to say? He was very close, towering over me and almost whispering in my ear. Then he touched me. He put his hand on my skirt on my bottom and squeezed. He held me very tight and hard almost against him and said: 'I'm going to take you out of this room right now and we're going to get into my car and we're going somewhere very private and I'm going to fuck you silly. Any objections?'

He spoke just like that. I was like a rabbit gazing into the eyes of a big snake, paralysed and hypnotised and I wanted to close my eyes and wake up to find him having me with nothing in between, no sensations in between, just the pure sensation. But I didn't want to either. I wanted to be a million miles away locked safely in my room. How could I answer him?

Quest: Go on.

Consultant: Next thing I clearly remember we were whooshing down this country lane in his car with the roof down at terrible speed like a dream and I was thinking, will he take me straight into his bedroom and throw me on the bed or what will he do?

Quest: And what did he do?

Consultant: A hayrick. We stopped by a gate into a field and there was a hayrick

with a loose and sloppy top and a ladder. He lifted me over the gate with one hand under my crutch and the other on my back and he pushed me up the ladder with his hand flat between my buttocks.

When I climbed over the top I fell over into the straw and it was warm and bouncy like heather and sweet smelling and there was nothing but sky and I thought, oh yes, yes, this is it. Then he appeared with his very knowing eyes and stood over me in his dress suit and I wanted to go over on my knees and rip down his trousers and pull him down into me by it. It was weird because at the same time I just wanted to lie there and be very wanton with my thighs yanked apart and be absolutely plunged into hard and long. God, I was ready for it more than I ever had.

Quest: What happened?

Consultant: He said 'Take your knickers off and your dress' and his trousers came down and he stuck out from under his shirt and jacket and I had a terribly giggly moment thinking where was his top hat. Then he was down with me and my dress was off and he yanked my bra up and I was going, please, please, please, over again. And he kept saying, I'm really going to do it to you. He was warm all along the length of me and I just had my thighs wide open with straw and hay tickling all over my bottom. I saw stars when he went into me, so quickly it took my breath away and left me gasping and writhing.

He was really going hard and knew I was going to come. We moved so much we rolled over and I was on top. It was incredible we were both just moaning dirty words over and over again, all animal like and I was grinding up and down on top of him like a frenzied slut.

Quest: Did you take precautions?

Consultant: I couldn't have thought of it. It's lucky I'm on the Pill. Everything else was wiped from my mind. It was the first time I'd had sex when other thoughts didn't cross my mind, like random little thoughts one gets. I was obsessed with just devouring him, just filling myself with it until I was destroyed and I'd somehow sucked all the juices right out of him. Crazed I was. I might have been drugged for all I cared about anything else. It just proves what we were like. His back and chest were scratched and bleeding when we'd finished and my nipples felt as though they had been half chewed off and my bottom is still bruised. And it went on for so long he did exhaust me. I was flat on my back and sobbing for breath when he did come and in me, right in me I felt him expanding and contract and jerk up and that was the final bliss, I swear I never felt that before. I don't think we moved for ten minutes, we just flaked out in each others' arms.

Quest: Do you think then this man found a way to trigger your sexuality?

Consultant: You could dress it up to look like that. But I don't think it would work again. I think I'd be more aware and more wary now of a man being so direct about my body and I'd ignore what he was saying or step back and be cool. I don't think it would affect me that way again.

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